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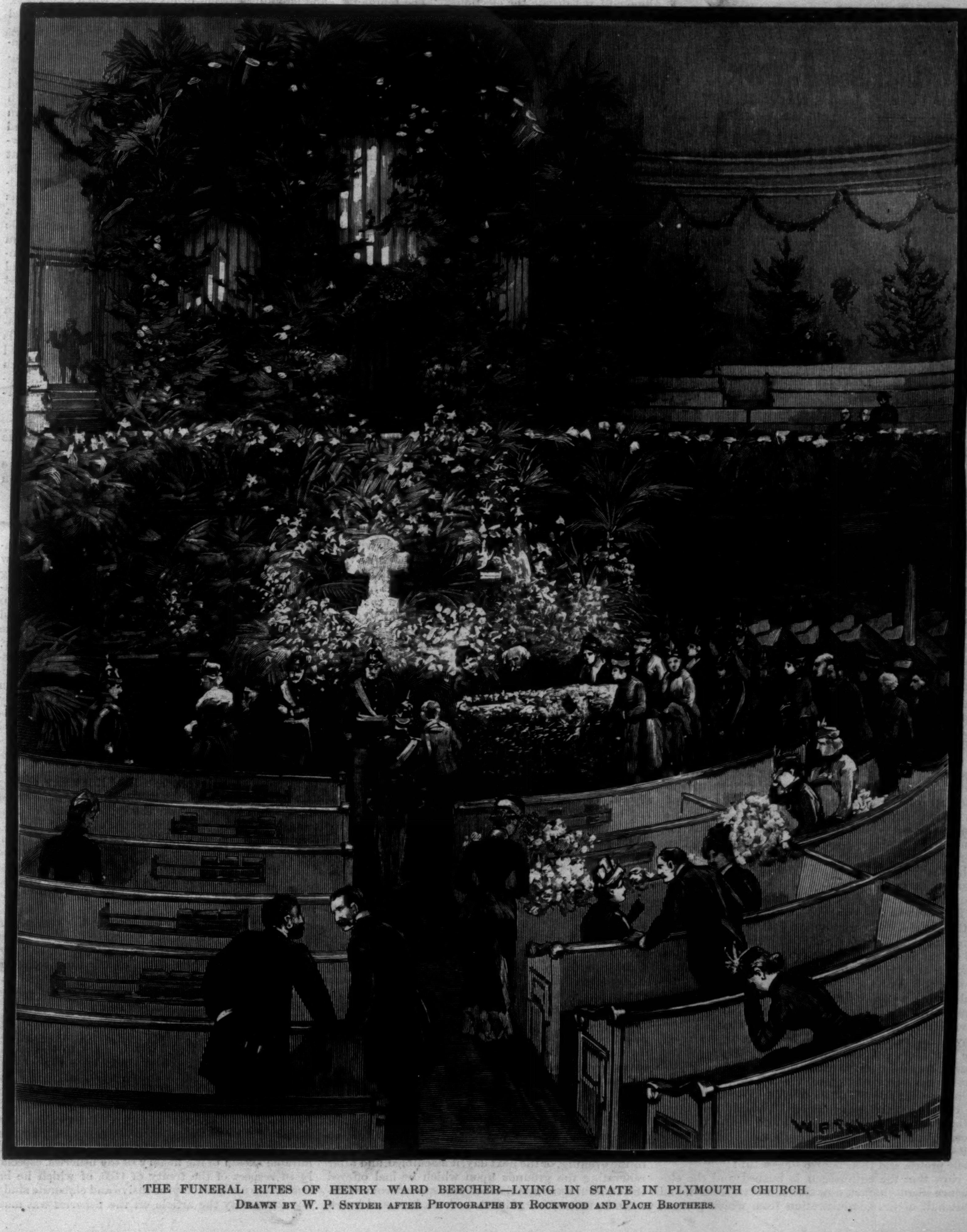

THE FUNERAL RITES OF HENRY WARD BEECHER—LYING IN STATE IN PLYMOUTH CHURCH.
Drawn by W. P. Snyder after Photographs by Rockwood and Pach Brothers.

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

In the number for March 15 MRS. M. C. PYLE tells the story of

HUGO GROTIUS AND HIS BOOK CHEST,

which is accompanied by an illustration by HOWARD PYLE.

"*The Cuckoo Clock*" *is an amusing story by* KATHERINE DUMESNIL MCILVAINE. "*Bridget and the Captain*" *is a true story, both amusing and pathetic.*

The principal illustration is an engraving by H. GOETZE *of*

THE CHILDREN'S PARTY,

AFTER THE PAINTING BY LUDWIG KNAUS.

Other interesting contents of this number are the tenth instalment of "*The Colonel's Money,*" *an article on* "*Single-Sticks*" (*with illustrations*) *by* B. F. O'CONNOR, *and a poem by* FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1887.

THE MIDDLE OF THE TERM.

THE middle of President CLEVELAND'S term has been naturally selected by the press as the occasion of comments upon the general course and achievement of the Administration, and the New York *Tribune* has published a long and detailed review of its acts, going so far as to state that "the President's own name" has been "tainted by the greed of his appointees." This is, of course, a mere partisan fling, which could be effectually countered by the similar assertion that General GRANT'S name was tainted by the greed of the Republican Whiskey Ring. This is a kind of warfare which is rather dangerous for a party which held power from 1861 to 1885. The weapon is a boomerang. It comes back, and shows the desire rather than the power of doing mischief to the foe. With this arraignment urged by Republican partisans against two years of a Democratic President, Governor FORAKER, at the late Republican dinner upon LINCOLN'S birthday, unrolled the glittering register of Republican service. It is a proud story; no party had ever a more resplendent record of services to the country and to human liberty. The Federal party and the Whig party and the Democratic party pale their ineffectual fires before the lustre of the Republican party. But it must have struck the more thoughtful of the applauding listeners that this speech rested the claim of the Republican party to the renewed confidence of the country upon the men and the deeds of past years. Here is a Democratic President honestly and effectively maintaining all the good results that were achieved during the long Republican ascendency, and here is the Republican orator crying with exultation, "We emancipated the slaves; we kept the public faith; we saved the Union." Amen, and amen. It is true. That was done, and nobody seeks to undo it. And now—what?

Did it occur to Governor FORAKER and his applauding hearers to ask why a party of such illustrious deeds, which performed inestimable services to the country and to mankind, so swiftly lost the confidence of the country and fell from power? The *Tribune's* story of the CLEVELAND administration is all darkness. Governor FORAKER'S history of the Republican party is all light. Why did an intelligent and patriotic country take the risk of the change? Why, with the enormous advantage on the part of the Republican party and the total discredit of the Democratic party, did the Republicans lose the administration, and the country elect a Democratic President in 1884? Governor FORAKER'S reply and that of his audience would be undoubtedly that the treacherous Mugwumps stabbed the party in the back. That is the after-dinner way of saying that a large body of Republicans did not support the party candidate at the last election. But it does not answer the question why did a large body of Republicans, perhaps as old and as devoted and as patriotic as Governor FORAKER or any other orator or guest at the feast, refuse to support the candidate? Disappointment, envy, ambition, the "sore head," "natural cussedness," spite, silliness—all such reasons may be conceded to have influenced some of them; but what did the movement mean? What light did it throw upon the condition and tendencies of the party? What moved Republican veterans and young men of Republican training, casting their first Presidential vote, to oppose the success of the nomination of this party of the magnificent and incomparable tradition? What kept them perfectly calm and steady under a storm of lies and blackguardism such as only candidates themselves usually encounter? and what made their protest and their course successful?

Now that the enthusiasm is hushed and the eloquence silent—in fact, now that it is after dinner, and that half of the administration from which general disaster was predicted ends amid general approval and the total discredit of the dismal prophecies, these questions are timely and well worthy serious meditation. It is after dinner, and it is well to muse a little while the fire of the cigar burns. The situation next year will be essentially different from that of 1884. The apprehension of disaster in the event of Republican defeat, as we have often said, is wholly gone. Many of the Republican seceders of '84 are unlikely to return. A host of young voters who, except for that year, would naturally vote with the Republicans, would unquestionably support Mr. CLEVELAND against any Republican candidate. In the absence of definite issues dividing the parties, the personality of candidates becomes of the highest importance. As Mr. JOHN J. O'BRIEN is reported to have said last week, the number of citizens who in the present situation vote for persons rather than parties is largely increased. It is obvious that party strength alone will not decide the election. "The remnant" of all kinds holds the balance of power. The glowing speech of Governor FORAKER has hardly set the tune for stump-oratory that will win votes. The detailed arraignment of the *Tribune* cannot overbear the general conviction that, with all failures and mistakes, the President's course has been honest and patriotic and beneficial. During the two years of the administration, if the President has been on trial, so has the Republican opposition, and he would be a hardy man who should say that the character and course of that opposition have tended to regain the national confidence which was lost. This is the situation with which the politicians must deal. Under the circumstances, Republican reliance upon Irish votes to elect an objectionable candidate would not seem to be a wise policy. The true party policy would be the selection of candidates who, so far as characters and names would serve, should be the earnest that the public welfare would be more surely promoted by them than by their opponents. This, indeed, might not avail. But no other course certainly would be so likely to regain public confidence and support.

BEECHER.

IT was a blithe but stormy life which ended in the death of HENRY WARD BEECHER. Happily for his kindred and for the public feeling, it was the death that he desired. There was no lingering decay, no slow and sad extinction, but the exuberant vitality was spent at once, the brightly burning flame was suddenly blown out. At the moment of his death he was the greatest preacher of the English-speaking race, and there have been few greater in its annals. He was also when he died the most popular and effective of American orators, and his voice was instinctively tuned in the right key for every good cause. His last public address was delivered, within the week in which he was stricken, in favor of the high license bill. He was "a temperance man"; he had been generally "a total abstinent"; but he saw with the general intelligent opinion of the community that the cause of temperance here and now could be best served by high license. This was a striking illustration of his good sense and of that ready sympathy which was generally in accord with the best opinion around him. Indeed, the average good sense, the humane impulse, the moral sentiment of the country, found its voice in him. His national pride was stirred by the consciousness that the American republic was "the reign of the common people." The people heard him gladly, because he was a sturdy, strong, inspiring preacher, not of theological doctrines, but of righteousness of life.

It was characteristic of the contest in which he was always engaged that while he lay unconscious in his last moments the Congregational ministers of Chicago could not agree to send a word of sympathy to Mrs. BEECHER, because they did not like some of Mr. BEECHER'S theological views. The aversion was natural, because the whole influence of his preaching exalted life above doctrine, and insisted upon practice rather than profession. It was inevitable that such a man should be eager and foremost in the great moral debate which enveloped American politics, and when he was yet a young man, and had just taken charge of Plymouth Church, he became one of the most powerful of antislavery clergymen. Already at the West he had taken his position, and he was one day at a meeting of the Antislavery Society in the old Tabernacle, where ISAIAH RYNDERS was blustering and bullying and trampling upon the right of free speech. The tumult was greater than usual, and the manly soul of BEECHER burned with scorn at the invasion of fundamental American rights, which the city authorities were unable, or, more accurately, unwilling, to protect. As the meeting was practically broken up, BEECHER arose, and saying that while he did not wholly accept the views or methods of the society, he believed in free speech, and he invited the meeting across the river to Plymouth Church. There in the evening, or the next day, it assembled, and after reiterating the grounds upon which he had offered the church, BEECHER listened to a speech from WENDELL PHILLIPS, and at its close shook his hand heartily, and from that time he was practically but incorrectly identified with the abolitionists, because he never accepted their view of the Constitution or of political duty.

Such a man was naturally among the earliest Republicans, and from the FREMONT campaign in 1856 to that of CLEVELAND in 1884 there was no more popular or effective political orator in the country. The same temperament that made him powerful in the pulpit gave him equal power upon the platform. The manly heartiness, the genial optimism, the rollicking humor, the pathetic appeal, the earnest conviction, the felicity of illustration, the play of imagination, the affluence of phrase, the overflowing vitality, charmed and electrified the crowd, and certified the natural orator. There was sometimes, doubtless, a shock to refined sensibility, an outrage upon good taste, a defect in logic, an extravagance of statement, a sentimental strain, but in the great foaming and bubbling current of his speech, when at his best, these were little regarded, and the interest was fixed upon undoubted genius. With his elastic temperament, and vigorous health, and strong frame, and teeming mind, it is not surprising that his industry and varied activity were remarkable. He was not a scholar, but he was a general reader, and a constant and shrewd observer of life and men. He was fond both of the country and the city. His illustrations in speech and sermon were singularly apt, fresh, and breezy, the result of his own experience and knowledge, and not drawn from books. He was equally at home in feeling with the student and the street Arab, and both of them saw and felt in him something to admire. He wrote constantly and copiously. But his writing lacked literary form, and it is probably not a permanent addition to literature. His characteristic mode of expression was oratory. That was the form of his genius. That power, with his nature and temperament, made him a signal force in his country and his time. When he died he was probably the most familiar and generally interesting American citizen. Such a man, indeed, who hits hard and takes his own course, and sometimes shocks and offends, undoubtedly excites strong hostility. This was true of his public activity, but there was also a tragical cloud which settled upon his private life at one time, which cannot be forgotten in any general sketch of his career. But in the history of this generation in America, this

"Crowded hour of glorious life,"

BEECHER has been among the chief leaders, a true tribune of the people, loyal always to the most generous hope and thought and effort, and he dies as he would have died, with all his force unabated, and upon the field of battle.

THE FISHERIES DISPUTE.

CONGRESS having preferred the EDMUNDS retaliation bill to that of Mr. BELMONT, the President is now empowered at his discretion to do to Canadian fishing vessels as they do to ours. This, however, is no settlement of the question. If Canada should yield to pressure, the ill feeling would remain, and the old trouble would presently recur as it has recurred in the past. It is at a timely moment, therefore, that Mr. JAY'S pamphlet letter to Senator EVARTS appears, discussing the whole question fully, calmly, and effectively, and proposing the abrogation of the convention of 1818, with a view to the adjustment of the difficulty by negotiation, and the final security of the rights and liberties defined in the treaty of 1783. Lord ROSEBERY, the late British Foreign Secretary, proposed a frank and friendly consideration of the subject, and a possible revision of the treaty of 1818. It is agreed by Mr. BAYARD and Lord ROSEBERY, and by Mr. PHELPS and Lord SALISBURY, that the decision of the dispute depends upon the interpretation of that treaty. Retaliation to enforce our view of the treaty, as Mr. JAY suggests, would dispose our English brethren to fight rather than argue, precisely as the same course would dispose us. When, therefore, it was decided to retaliate, it would have been wise to state at the same time how we would like permanently to secure our rights.

That we have a right to abrogate the treaty, and that our rights defined and guaranteed by the treaty of 1783 were not lost by the war of 1812, Mr. JAY forcibly maintains, and he shows clearly that while it is for every reason desirable that the disposition of the fisheries convention of 1818 should be made by mutual consent, yet if Great Britain should refuse to take common action, our abrogation of the first article "would revive in full force the third article of the treaty of peace in 1783," which gives to the people of the United States the right to take fish on the Banks of Newfoundland and in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and at all other places in the sea where the inhabitants of both countries have been accustomed to fish, and to dry and cure in any of the unsettled bays, harbors, and creeks, but at settlements only by previous agreement. Mr. JAY presents a concise and admirable sketch of the history of the fisheries, especially in respect of the treaty of 1783, of which he has heretofore made a comprehensive and elaborate study. By that treaty the article on the fisheries was made

"fundamental, permanent, and enduring," and its acceptance by Great Britain was a condition of the peace. That a war like the war of 1812 does not extinguish treaties and annul the rights recognized by them, Mr. JAY establishes by incontestable authorities.

The House at the last moment passed the retaliation bill in the form adopted by the Senate. The subject is now committed to the action of the President and of the State Department. But the appearance of the pamphlet amply and temperately reviewing the whole subject, and expressing, as it unquestionably does, a view of the question which is very generally held in this country, will be of great service to the President in his exercise of the authority intrusted to him by the bill, and to the Secretary of State in his correspondence. It will have the further good effect of apprising the British government that there is a serious misunderstanding which cannot be adjusted by dogged persistence in enforcing the view of either side, and yet that there is an intelligent and controlling American opinion upon the subject which is not merely "tail-twisting" and "bumptious," but both reasonable and resolute. It is not a difference which either country wishes to settle by war, but which nevertheless must be settled. The opportunity to revise and adjust the whole controversy by friendly negotiation is one which Secretary BAYARD will undoubtedly improve.

ANOTHER KIND OF PENSION BILL.

On the 19th of January Senator HAMPTON, of South Carolina, introduced, as he stated, by request, but with no expression of approval, a bill providing that any person who has served for forty-five years or longer in the civil employment of the United States may, at the discretion of the head of the department in which he serves, be placed upon the civil service retired list, and be paid thereafter for life three-fourths of the salary which he was receiving when retired. The bill further provides that any person who has served thirty-eight years continuously may ask to be retired upon two-thirds of his salary; or if he have served continuously for thirty years, and is then, in the opinion of the head of the department, incompetent from sickness or injury not the result of misconduct, he may be retired upon one-half of his salary. The bill further provides that nobody shall be promoted, in anticipation of his retirement, in order to secure a larger retiring pension.

The bill was referred to the Committee on Civil Service, and it is not surprising that it was not favorably reported. The amount of money which it would take from the Treasury would be very small, for the number of men who have served continuously for forty-five or thirty-eight years is inconsiderable. But however this may be, the feeling against a civil service pension in this country is very strong, and it will not be readily removed, although the principle of a pension for a certain period of public service is the same, whatever may be the branch of the service. A pension is both a reward and an inducement. It leads fit men to offer themselves for employment at a moderate salary, when continuous service is assured by merit, because it secures a provision for old age. The comparative favor with which military pensions are regarded arises from the consideration that the soldier exposes himself to separation from home, to the hardships of military life, and to the chances of wounds and death in the ordinary course of duty. On the other hand, the civil service is viewed as "a soft thing," requiring shorter hours of labor under pleasant conditions, which enable the employé to live at home. But none the less a man who is incapacitated by age in the service of his country in a department has nothing but the poor-house before him if he is dismissed for incompetency. "That man is of no use as a clerk," says the head of a department; "but he is seventy years old, and I shall not turn him out to starve."

In a properly constituted civil service there would be a reasonable pension system, as there is in the army and navy. When a man comes to be seventy years old, after a life laboriously and efficiently spent at his desk or in the routine of civil duty for his country, public opinion will presently authorize his retiring pension, as it is granted by great corporations and business houses to their old and worthy servants. The principles of good service are always the same. When a man knows that continuance, promotion, and final provision depend upon fidelity, industry, and efficiency, his work will be well done. But when he knows that fidelity and industry, however great, will not save him if the party character of the administration changes, he will be very sure to "look out for number one," and make hay while the sun shines.

CONGRESSMAN.

A CORRESPONDENT inquires whether "Congressman" is a proper title by which to describe a Representative in Congress. The answer is short and easy. It is contained in the first section of the first article of the Constitution: "All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives." WEBSTER therefore properly defines "Congressman" as a member of the United States Congress. It is therefore a proper word by which to describe a member of the House of Representatives or of the Senate. But it is not a proper word by which to distinguish a Representative from a Senator.

That, however, is the significance which is now usually given to it. Indeed, the term "Congressman" has largely displaced the proper phrase, "Representative in Congress"; and although an awkward and incorrect word for the purpose, it is a little shorter and less stately than the proper phrase, and is gradually, or rapidly, acquiring the authority of general usage.

We suggest to our correspondent, however, not to yield, but to insist upon calling a Senator by his proper title, and upon treating a Representative with the same courtesy. He might even ask any one who misuses the word whether he refers to a Senator or a Representative; and if his interlocutor pleads general usage, he can retort that it is bad usage, like that of calling a Minister of the United States an Ambassador.

MR. REED NODS.

MR. REED, the Republican leader of the late House of Representatives, does not seem to be very happy in sneering at the Presidential succession bill passed by the last Congress as giving the President a power of attorney to choose his successors, and substituting the possibility of BAYARD for the possibility of SHERMAN; and at the Presidential count bill as providing for a contingency which is as liable to happen again as lightning to strike twice in the same place.

Mr. REED cannot be supposed to think seriously that if this country has just chosen a Chief Executive, his death should reverse the popular decision, and intrust the administration to hands which the national will had just declared should not hold it. That was the palpable absurdity which the succession bill corrected. It was not, as Mr. REED evidently supposes, a bill showing the preference of the Republican Senate for Mr. BAYARD rather than Mr. SHERMAN as President. Senator HOAR, who was the able champion of the bill, is neither a Democrat nor a Mugwump, but in this instance he was a sound, constitutional, patriotic statesman; and that the Republican majority of the Senate did not share Mr. REED'S contempt for the bill is one of its titles to public favor.

The intelligent public opinion of the country, as manifested in the leading press of all parties, differs with Mr. REED upon the electoral count bill, having discovered by experience, as the chief commentators upon the Constitution have pointed out, that the chief danger to our whole system of government lay in the omission to provide precisely for counting the electoral vote. Ten years ago that omission brought the country to the verge of civil war. The country has now had the good sense to supply so dangerous an omission. Prodigious statesmanship! sneers Mr. REED, as if lightning would ever strike twice in the same place! The passage of both these bills was a patriotic service, because they required the assent of both parties and of the Democratic President. They are two of the wisest acts of the late Congress. Mr. REED is an able man and a skilful Parliamentary leader, but even Homer will nod.

THE CALAMITY ON THE ELEVATED ROAD.

IF the account of the late loss of life upon the elevated railroad in New York be correct, there would seem to be no doubt that it was due to culpable negligence upon the part of the managers of the road. Nothing was more certain than that a fire might occur which would block the track and require stopping the trains. Any accident to the locomotive or to the cars, which might happen at any time, would produce the same result. The most ordinary foresight should have made provision for such contingencies. But no provision was made.

It is obvious that there should be plenty of space for a foot-path protected by a hand-rail by the side of the track, not only for the safety of passengers caught in a disabled train between stations, but also for the employés of the road. And whenever, for any reason, the road is blocked, the fact should be at once telegraphed to every station, and the gates closed to the public, with a statement of the reasons. These are the simplest and most obvious provisions, and it is to the failure to adopt them that the loss of life was due.

The passengers were in great part workmen who might lose their places by delay in reaching the shop. They would prefer to take the risk of clambering back to a station. To say that they did not obey the conductors, and remain in the cars, is foolish. They would have put aside the conductors if they had opposed their exit, and the company cannot pretend that it is the duty of passengers in a block of the road to sit quietly until the obstruction is removed. The company is bound to provide all simple, obvious, and necessary means of safely reaching the stations or the ground whenever there is serious delay. This is another illustration of the necessity of legal compulsion to secure from railroad companies proper regard for the safety and convenience of passengers. The correspondent who writes us that self-interest will lead the roads to provide properly for heating and lighting the cars has yet to learn the wisdom of the farmer's remark that in extreme cases the toe of the boot is a great aid to moral suasion.

TAMING THE SHREW.

IN producing the *Taming of the Shrew* with such brilliancy and completeness Mr. DALY is a public benefactor, and the spectator of the delightful performance can only regret that SHAKESPEARE himself did not see it. There is not a dull moment. The playing throughout is prompt, spirited, intelligent, and of a singular uniformity of excellence. The sympathy of the audience is secured from the opening and retained to the end, and nothing so thoughtful and thorough and satisfactory in the presentation of a Shakespearian drama has been seen since HENRY IRVING'S *Merchant of Venice*.

The Induction is managed with skill, and gives, as was intended, a certain zest to the play. The scene of Sly's awakening in the lord's chamber is capitally done by Mr. GILBERT, who is the chief figure, and by the retainers, whose automatic subservience is very amusing. The briskness and gayety with which the comedy itself proceeds are its very atmosphere, and it is not easy to suppose a more finished or effective representation. Miss REHAN'S Kate is admirable; the character is simple and definite, and requires of an accomplished and intelligent actress only a certain grace and charm to make petulance sparkling and temper not repulsive, which she fully supplies. Mr. DREW is a spirited and consistent Petruchio, but, with all his excellence, leaves still a certain touch of comedy to be desired.

The last scene, studied in its effects from PAUL VERONESE'S Venetian feasts, is one of the prettiest ever seen here. BISHOP'S "Should he upbraid?" sung by the chorus in the gallery above the revellers, is very charming; but the total taming of Kate, which is illustrated in this scene, must be appalling to those Kates who renounce with ardor the "obey" in the marriage service. This impression, however, is happily removed by the manly surrender of the Lord Petruchio on his bended knee to the Lady Katharina, whom he loves and acknowledges, not as lesser man, nor as idol, nor as doll, but as "nobly planned" as he. The play ends and the curtain falls amid the lingering cadences of the singing voices, and no hearer wonders, as he turns from the delightful evening, that the play is approaching its seventy-fifth performance.

PERSONAL.

ONE of the librarians of the Mercantile Library in this city was asked the other day, "What book in this library is the most popular?" He replied: "*Ben-Hur*. For the last year and a half it has been called for oftener than any other book we have."

—In his earlier years the late Professor E. L. YOUMANS was very fond of rare roast beef; but on one occasion Professor AGASSIZ told him that *trichinæ* were as liable to be found in beef as in pork, and that the only way to avoid the risk of eating them was to have one's meat thoroughly cooked. Always afterward Professor YOUMANS insisted upon having his beef "well done."

—A dramatic conception of the attack of the British troops on the fortifications of Tel-el-Kebir, in Egypt, under General WOLSELEY, has been placed on exhibition at the galleries of M. KNOEDLER & Co. It is a large oil-painting by the lamented DE NEUVILLE, himself a brave soldier in the Franco-German war.

—The hall and picture-gallery of the A. T. STEWART marble mansion on Fifth Avenue have been on exhibition recently to those who desired to see the more important pieces of sculpture in the dead merchant's collection; and the magnificent marble staircase, a copy of an original in an Italian palace, has attracted as much attention as the statuary itself. Within the gallery many large oil-paintings are still hanging, for which there was no room in the American Art Galleries, where the principal works are on public exhibition. The familiar features of Mr. SMITH, for many years the major-domo of the establishment, were missed, and a hundred anecdotes of Mr. STEWART'S relations with the artists who contributed to his collection remained untold, Mr. SMITH having recently been killed by a street car.

—Mr. CHARLES DE KAY, as master of ceremonies at the recent Ladies' Reception of the Fencers' Club, reminded the guests that, as only a coward would attack a woman, a slight knowledge of fencing might enable them to put to flight any brute who should play the ruffian with them. Examples of the classic, the modern Italian, and the Captain NICOLAS styles of fencing were then given by members of the club, amid applause from three hundred delicately gloved hands. The interest of the occasion was heightened by the fact that some of the ladies present had accepted the club's invitation to fence three times a week under Captain NICOLAS'S instruction. Fashionable society was well represented.

—JOHN BROWN, Jun., son of "JOHN BROWN of Harper's Ferry," sent to Major HENRY E. YOUNG, of Charleston, South Carolina, a money-order for five dollars for the relief of the sufferers by the earthquakes. The money was received in the spirit in which it was given, and the Charleston *News*, in recording the incident, said, "'JOHN BROWN'S soul is marching on,' but it is marching to the music of a united and indestructible Union."

—The new President of Iowa College, at Grinnell, Iowa, is a bright young preacher, the Rev. GEORGE A. GATES, for six years pastor of the Congregational church at Upper Montclair, New Jersey. In his letter resigning his pastoral charge Mr. GATES said: "Here is my only home since I left that of my childhood. A pleasanter home I can never have. If you desire me to go away, you have charming methods of concealing that desire. Then why do I go? It is to vastly harder work, to responsibilities more numerous and heavier. But I go by application of the principle which I have tried faithfully to preach to you always—Life is given us for service."

—Much interest was excited in Europe by a recent article in HARPER'S MAGAZINE on the town of Pullman, Illinois, where twenty-five hundred men in the parlor-car works have been established in a colony. We note that King HUMBERT has decorated Mr. GEORGE M. PULLMAN, the founder of the town, with the order of Italian knighthood.

—Since the *dilettanti*, the poets, and the artists have taken to the giving of readings in Boston, the actors have decided to follow suit, and Miss MAIDA CRAIGEN, Mr. E. H. VANDERFELT, and Mr. ARTHUR FALKLAND, all of the Museum Company, announce courses to be given during the spring.

—Rev. Dr. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE has just had an inkling of certain posthumous results. A report that he was dead reached Boston from New York in the middle of the night, and between two and four o'clock in the morning a full half-dozen reporters had found out his residence in the rural suburb Jamaica Plain, and had routed up his family to get the particulars.

—"Long JOHN" WENTWORTH, the oldest living ex-Mayor of Chicago, celebrated his seventy-second birthday March 5. He is nearly seven feet tall, weighs 280 pounds, and is a millionaire.

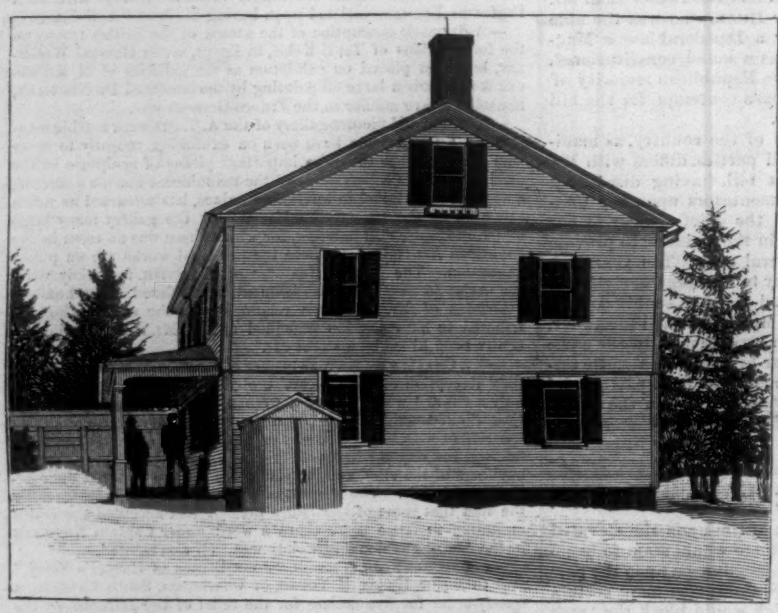
—Colonel WILLIAM UTLEY, who died recently in Racine, a suburb of Chicago, was in command of a Wisconsin regiment during the early part of the war, and sent North a refugee negro boy some months before the Emancipation Proclamation was issued. The owner of the slave sued Colonel UTLEY, after the war was over, and recovered $1000 damages. The judgment was satisfied, and several years later the government made good the loss, the money being paid nearly ten years after the Emancipation Proclamation.

—Mr. GEORGE H. CORLISS, the great engine-builder, was at thirty-five years old proprietor of a general "store" in a New York town. His first attempt at invention was made at that time, with a view to constructing a machine for sewing shoes. He was not successful with it, but began to study mechanics and drawing in a systematic manner. He soon decided to give up business, and accepted a position as draughtsman for a firm of machinists in Providence. There he developed his talent, made some profitable inventions, and in a few years established the immense works which in his hale old age he still directs and provides with its best and most practical designs.

MR. BEECHER AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FIVE.

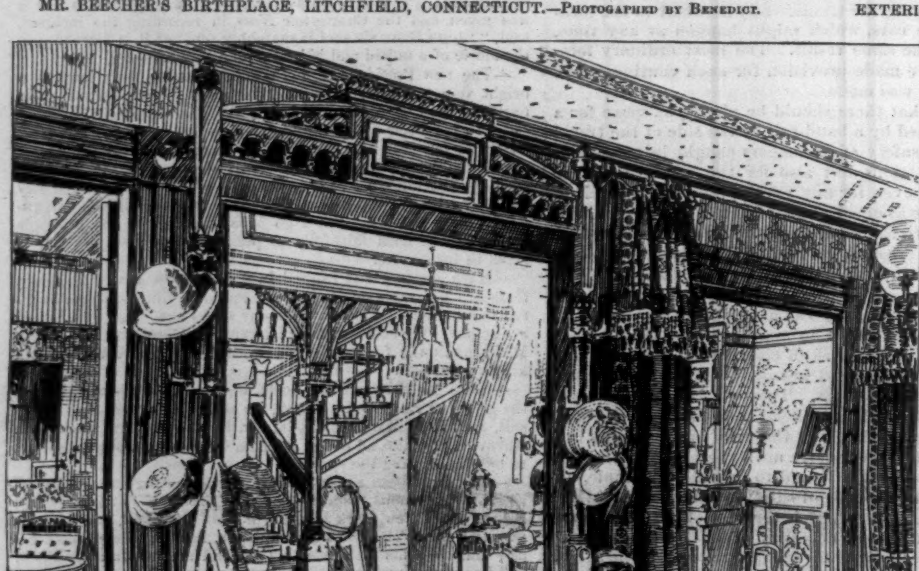
MRS. BEECHER.—Photographed by Taber, San Francisco.

MR. BEECHER AT THE AGE OF FORTY-FIVE.



MR. BEECHER'S BIRTHPLACE, LITCHFIELD, CONNECTICUT.—Photographed by Benedict.

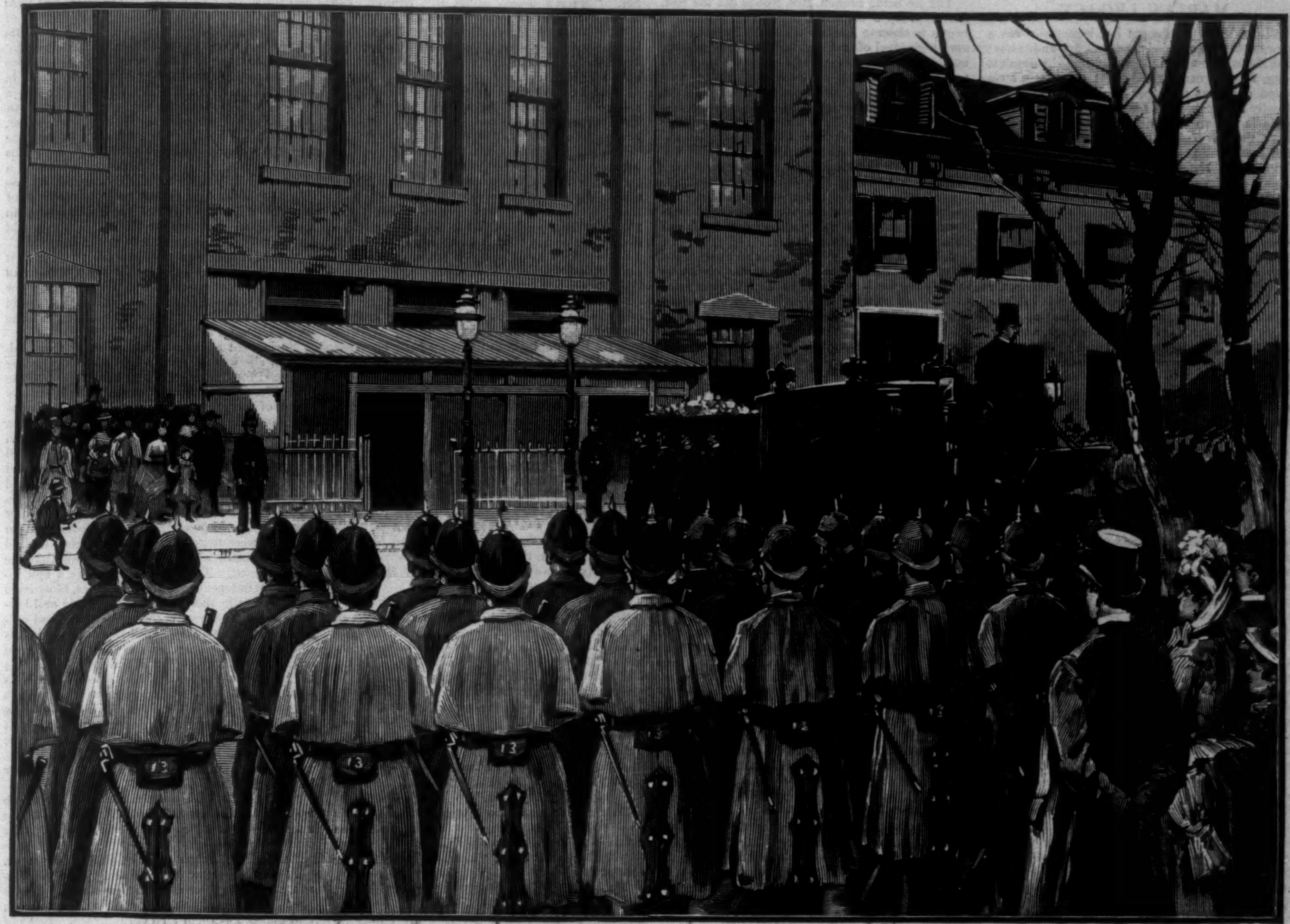
EXTERIOR OF MR. BEECHER'S HOUSE AT PEEKSKILL.—Photographed by Rockwood.



HALLWAY OF THE HOUSE AT PEEKSKILL.—Drawn by Louis Joutel after Photograph by Rockwood.

MR. BEECHER'S BROOKLYN HOME.—Drawn by Louis Joutel.

SKETCHES AND MEMORIALS OF HENRY WARD BEECHER.



BEARING THE BODY INTO PLYMOUTH CHURCH.—Drawn by Charles Graham and John Durkin.

THE PEOPLE AWAITING THEIR TURN TO ENTER THE CHURCH.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.

THE RECEIVING VAULT IN GREENWOOD.—Drawn by Charles Graham.

THE FUNERAL RITES OF HENRY WARD BEECHER.

MARIA'S LEGACY.

When Maria Hobbs got her legacy she was a poor, dead-alive, married drudge of five-and-thirty; and Maria's first thought was, "Oh, why didn't it come fifteen years ago?" But she pretty soon found out what most people do—that money is equally acceptable one time as another.

Maria Jessup had been reputed the best girl, if not the best-looking, in all the country about. The Jessups did not sit on a high step of the social ladder. Indeed, Jessup *père* had conducted a junk and harness establishment until he had become financially stranded, and then devoted himself to taking care of a certain section of the village tavern porch until his death, which occurred shortly after. Mrs. Jessup was a natural-born incapable; and so were half a dozen brothers and sisters of Maria's, who dropped out of life before they reached middle age, from chronic inability to hold on. When they fell ill they hadn't energy enough to get well, and so they died. Maria was the flower of the flock, and her persistent efforts to keep the home of Jessup up to the level of respectability induced old Mrs. Hobbs to foment the match between her son Jake and Maria. Jake was, strange to say, the match of the village. He owned a farm, and had money in bank besides, and was the only child of the widow Hobbs, who had as much again as Jake. Mrs. Hobbs was not a popular character in the village: so much so that when she became bedridden she suffered for want of company; for those who wanted to visit the widow Hobbs she wouldn't allow, and those whom the widow Hobbs wished to visit her wouldn't come. After having tried every shade and variety of the "gal" genus in Compton Elms, Mrs. Hobbs at last found one to her mind in Maria Jessup. Maria's meekness, docility, and neatness were something marvellous, particularly in a Jessup; but Mrs. Hobbs saw that if she wanted Maria's services always, she would have to hold her by some bond stronger than that of her serving-maid, for no human being, not even the defunct Mr. Hobbs, had ever been able to stand Mrs. Hobbs's temper for more than six months consecutively. There was one exception—Jake. She had begun early with him, and really made the only effort of her life at getting along, to live peaceably with him; and Jake being a fellow of imperturbable good-humor, and, likewise, not much at home, it was comparatively easy to live on terms with him. Moreover, as Jake was the only human being Mrs. Hobbs had ever cared a pin about, so Jake at heart loved his mother, and, stranger yet, she had great influence over him. The widow Hobbs, in spite of her temper and her peculiarities, had a vein of strong sense which enabled her to maintain a certain ascendency over Jake.

It was natural for a girl like Maria Jessup to keep any kind of a home she could; but the widow Hobbs soon found out even Maria's patience would have succumbed, like that of all of her preceding "gals," if it had not been for Jake. Maria was dead in love with Jake, and Jake cared no more for Maria than he did for the kitchen knife. He was a tall, handsome, athletic fellow, great at a turkey-shooting match, famous at trials of strength, matchless at breaking colts, and with a very good idea of how to enjoy life after his own ideal. Mrs. Hobbs groaned when she reflected upon the kind of wife Jake would one day bring home to her. At last the brilliant idea occurred to her of making up a match between Jake and Maria, so that she might keep that faithful slave in bondage forever. Of course she weighed the *pros* and *cons*. Mrs. Hobbs was not a woman to go off half cocked; but taking the fact of Maria's bread and coffee, and scrubbing capacity, and her ability to rub Mrs. Hobbs's rheumatic back for two hours at a stretch, and to walk about a hundred miles a day between Mrs. Hobbs's bedroom and the kitchen dresser, Mrs. Hobbs concluded it might possibly be well for Jacob, and certainly be best for herself, that Maria Jessup should be the future Mrs. Jake Hobbs. So one night Maria was permitted to go to bed at midnight, for a wonder, and Jake happening to return from one of his nocturnal frolics about the same time, Mrs. Hobbs called him to her bedside from the kitchen, where he was warming himself.

"Jacob," said the widow, feebly, "I want ter talk to you about sumpin'."

"All right, mother," responded Jake, dutifully, and wishing he was back in the kitchen.

"Jacob," continued the old lady, "I ain't going to be here long. My time's almost run out."

"You've been saying that for the last twenty year, mother," said Jake, not unkindly, "and here you are now."

"But I'm twenty year older; and, Jake, I've been a-worryin' about your gittin' married. Jake, you ought to git married." This was something that was so unlike what Jake had been led to expect that he sat down in a chair, overcome with surprise. "And, Jake, you oughtn't ter bring one o' them highty-tighty upsettin' gals here ter gallivant around and torment your poor old mother to death."

"Seems to me," said Jake, who was not deficient in keenness, "all of 'em is highty-tighty and upsettin'."

"I know one that ain't; that's Maria Jessup. I don't know how I'd git along without Maria. She's a good-lookin' gal too—fur a Jessup."

Jake paused. The idea was distasteful to him. He did not care about the Jessup connection. "I don't like her people," he said, presently.

"Course you don't. Who ever liked them Jessups? But, Jake, that's a very good reason for takin' Maria. Any other gal 'd want her folks here, and we'd be jest overrun with 'em. But Maria's as meek as a mouse, and since her father and mother is dead, and her brothers and sisters is all growed up, you could shet the door in their faces."

"Good-night, mother," said Jake, walking off.

The ice being broken, Mrs. Hobbs did the rest. She kept up a continual fusillade. Then Jake began to observe Maria. Naturally he had not a very high ideal of marriage, and when he saw her usefulness and tidiness—and in those days Maria was not bad-looking—he concluded, from a variety of motives, to take Maria, as Mrs. Hobbs expressed it. The strongest of these motives was a desire for a quiet life, and to secure his mother's comfort and his own, and the weakest was impelling affection. As for poor Maria, she was so dazzled by the magnificent prospects opening before her at being Mrs. Jake Hobbs that she almost forgot to say thank you when Jake announced to her his deliberate intention of marrying her. And so the wedding came off, and then Maria's tribulations began.

Jake was fond of going about, and never missed a dance, far or near. But it was obviously impossible for Mrs. Hobbs to be left alone, and as that indomitable woman insisted on having Maria with her, it ended by Jake's going alone. Jake himself knew enough of public opinion, and liked his wife quite well enough, to take her with him, but, as the case often is, from a dim and mistaken chivalrous instinct, he considered his mother always first. Maria would have been glad to have consoled herself by spending the long evenings reading, for which she had a decided taste. But Mother Hobbs held the same opinion of a circulating library that Sir Anthony Absolute did, as "an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge," so that amusement was made as rare and as uncomfortable as Mother Hobbs could make it; and Mother Hobbs's abilities in that line were simply immense. With everything it was the same; and Maria, being the most uncomplaining creature on earth, accepted her lot silently. Jake's careless kindness did but little to ameliorate her condition, but that slight kindness she treasured so highly that she would have endured half a dozen Widow Hobbses all at once rather than risk the loss of the man she loved with the one strong emotion of a rather negative character.

Fate, she thought, had at last relented when a little girl came. But in six months the tiny thing faded and died, and Maria Hobbs was once more a childless woman. The widow Hobbs did not fail to impress upon her this misfortune, and the extreme improbability that Jake would find his home agreeable, or even endurable, without children to lighten it. True it was that during the six months of the baby's life she had almost convinced Maria that Jake would be driven to take up his permanent abode at the village tavern on account of the noise and trouble the baby occasioned. Like its mother, it was uncommonly quiet and patient, and so far from driving Jake away, rather beguiled him to stay at home; and he and the baby had begun to develop mutual sentiments of respect and affection, when, owing to Maria's cruelty and indifference—according to Mother Hobbs—the little girl was taken away.

Maria smothered her grief, as she did everything else, and went about quietly with a broken heart.

Then there came another trouble. Right across the way lived Mrs. Brewer, a handsome young widow, the belle and heiress of Compton Elms. Jake took to spending his evenings at Mrs. Brewer's. He looked a little sheepish when he came in at twelve o'clock at night, and found Maria doing the very things other women do at twelve o'clock in the day, because Mother Hobbs never gave her a moment to do anything for herself until midnight. He sometimes wondered how she kept things so nice, and found his expenses, instead of increasing, rather decreased, after his marriage, while his comfort perceptibly increased. For this he was mildly grateful.

Mrs. Hobbs, of course, teased Maria about the Brewer matter.

"Jake seems ter like that widder mightily. Maria, why don't you notice her, and try to do like her?" Mrs. Hobbs would ask. But at a certain point the worm turned.

"Mother," said Maria, standing up, white as a sheet, while her meek eyes took on a look no human being had ever seen there before, "don't say that to me again. Nobody's got a right to taunt a woman on account of her husband, and—*I won't stand it!*"

Mother Hobbs neither fainted nor screamed, but she very nearly did both.

"Land sakes! Maria, are you crazy?"

"No, I ain't crazy. But I mean what I say. And if you say that another time, or anything like it, I'll go away and leave you."

If a sheep were to voluntarily assault a hungry wolf, the sensations of the wolf might be compared to Mother Hobbs's. But, unlike the wolf, something like fear began to creep upon her. Maria never had done that way before; and suppose—heavens alive!—that, after all, Maria had a spirit of her own! This appalling possibility kept Mrs. Hobbs silent for at least a good half-hour.

Meanwhile Sophy Smith, Mrs. Hobbs's sharp-eyed niece, had come in, and without knowing of the stand Maria had taken, settled herself with her bonnet on for a gossip with Aunt Hobbs. Pretty soon the Brewer subject came up.

"Have you seen the widow Brewer lately?" asked Miss Sophy of Maria, who sat placidly sewing by the window.

"No," said Maria, shortly, stopping to thread her needle.

"I should think you'd be neighborly, being so close."

"That don't signify," said Maria, coolly. "You're closer to Squire Weston's than I am to Mrs. Brewer's, and I never heard the Westons was neighborly with you."

Miss Sophy almost fell off her chair with amazement. What on earth would happen next? She gazed blankly, first at Maria, and then at Mrs. Hobbs.

The old lady did not mean to give up her empire without a struggle. Here was a show for her. "Maria's touchy about Mrs. Brewer," she said. "I don' know why."

"I think I can guess," said Miss Sophy, archly, "although everybody says she has behaved beautiful. 'Tain't every woman that would behave like Maria."

"What do you mean?" said Maria, a faint pink color coming into her cheeks.

"I mean Jake Hobbs bein' always at Mrs. Brewer's," replied Miss Sophy, boldly.

The patient Maria laid down her work. This was too much for her, even.

"Sophy Smith," she said, in a voice which shook slightly with nervousness, but not with fear, "do you know what you are a-saying? Do you know that you're in Jake Hobbs's house"—she longed to say "my house," but she was not quite up to that—"and you are saying things that would take Jake's character away among respectable folks? You 'ain't never been married yourself" (this was a cruel stab at the unlucky Sophy), "and you can't know how a married woman feels when folks say things like that to her. But, Sophy Smith, I've made up my mind that nobody sha'n't come and fetch me tales about my husband. That's all."

Mother Hobbs forgot her rheumatic back so far as to sit bolt-upright in bed. "What air we a-comin' to?" she screeched.

Sophy rallied at this. "Now, Maria, don't go to givin' yourself airs now. We all know you was Maria Jessup, and—"

"That don't make any difference, and I'm Maria Hobbs at present."

"—And you can't expect us to forget you were a Jessup; and when I come in a spirit of kindness to tell you of your husband's short-comin's, and you act in this extraordinary way—when everybody knows that Jake and Mis' Brewer is as thick as thieves—"

Maria rose. "Sophy Smith, this is Jake's house, and I am Jake's wife, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself; and after this don't you dare to speak to me at all. I'll have no acquaintance with you or anybody else who comes to me and abuses my husband behind his back."

Just at that moment Jake himself walked in. "Cousin Sophy," said he, marching straight up to her, "I've been in the kitchen, and I've heard every word you women have been sayin'. Maria's right, and I'm very much obliged to her. Do you just walk out of this house the way you kem in, and stay out of it till you can treat my wife with proper respect."

Miss Sophy meant to protest, but the words died on her lips. She went out as meekly as Maria herself might have done.

"Maria," said Jake, "come with me in the other room."

Maria, who by this time was weeping bitterly, rose and followed him.

"Maria," said he, taking her hand, "I don't expect I've been a very good husband, but I 'ain't been a very bad one. I'm a-going to try to do better, and I ain't going to give Sophy Smith or anybody else a chance to be sassy to you. By golly!" he exclaimed, with a sudden burst of laughter, "how you did stand up to her!—tellin' her she hadn't never been married! I believe you'd have got the better of her if I hadn't come in at all."

Maria smiled too, through her tears, and returned to Mother Hobbs's bedside a changed woman. That old party was so paralyzed by the turn things had taken that she remained perfectly mute.

Maria's expectations that affairs would be much better with her after that were slightly disappointed. It is true that Cousin Sophy ceased to trouble her about the pretty widow, nor did Mother Hobbs venture to intrude upon forbidden ground, and Jake really left off gallanting the widow around. But yet her life was a dull and gloomy one, and when she reached her thirty-fifth birthday hope had almost died within her. Mother Hobbs was apparently one of the immortals, and bade fair to last forever, while whispers went about that Jake was not so prosperous as formerly, and had lost a pile of money by various schemes in which he had embarked, to the neglect of the farm. Jake himself, from being the gayest and most stylish fellow anywhere around, had got to be care-worn and somewhat shabby.

One night, while Maria sat knitting by the fire, Jake came in with a troubled face. He ate his supper without a word, and sat down gloomily by the fire.

"What's the matter, Jake?" asked Maria, timidly, after she had cleared away the things, and seated herself by the lamp, with one eye on her sewing and the other on Mother Hobbs's open door.

"Want of money," answered Jake, briefly. Maria said no more. That was one thing she could not help him with. She had never had ten dollars of her own in her life.

After sitting for a long time, Jake put his hand in his pocket and tossed her a letter. "From your Western relations, I dare say," he remarked, referring thus to Uncle Jessup, out in Minnesota, who wrote regularly once a year to inform Maria that his crops were failures, his cows were dying of a mysterious disease, taxes were heavy and getting heavier, and he expected to end his days in the poor-house.

Maria noticed it was not in Uncle Jessup's sprawling handwriting, but being quiet and undemonstrative, opened it, and spreading it on her knee, read it carefully.

Ten minutes afterward Jake turned and saw her sitting in exactly the same attitude, with her eyes fixed on the open letter, while she drew her breath in quick gasps.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Uncle Jessup's dead," responded Maria, slowly. "And—and—he left me twenty thousand dollars in bank, that's waiting for me."

Jake grabbed the letter and read it. Maria had stated the case exactly. The letter was from a lawyer. Maria was directed by the terms of her uncle's will to choose a trustee, and the sum would immediately be paid over to him.

Neither one of them spoke. Their joy was too deep, although the trustee clause rather stuck in Jake's throat. He did not altogether relish a trustee who would look too carefully into how Maria's money was spent. He explained to her, however, the legal forms necessary to be gone through with, and told her to think over various substantial men in the village out of whom a trustee might be selected. Maria asked but one thing—that Mother Hobbs be not informed of the legacy immediately. Jake looked at her in amazement. He thought Mother Hobbs would be the very first person Maria would have told.

"Have it your own way," he said; and then it was agreed between them that when Maria had made up her mind, which would not be for a few days, she said, she should tell Jake, and he would go down to the public notary's office, and she would choose a trustee.

Maria went about the house just as usual, although she was, in truth, dazed and stunned by her good fortune, just as she had been in those first days when the baby came. She knew the power of money, particularly in the Hobbs household, and she saw the vast difference between a Jessup with nothing at all and a Jessup with twenty thousand dollars in cash. Husband and wife said nothing to each other, but Jake's mind was as much exercised as Maria's. He looked at her with different eyes. He began to appreciate that he and Maria might have been very happy all these years, and to discover that in Maria's sweet temper and calm patience he had got a treasure which was worth more than he had dreamed. And Maria, too, under a new influence of independence and happiness, blossomed out, and got in those few days younger and better-looking. Of course the twenty thousand dollars was the medium which had changed all this to Jake; but nevertheless the change was a good one. He sometimes had a dim foreboding that the change would have come anyhow—that this sudden uplifting of Maria by reason of the legacy only hastened the inevitable. A subtle influence had been working in her favor ever since that memorable day when she floored the indomitable Sophy Smith.

One day at dinner Maria appeared with her best black silk on.

"Jake," said she, quietly, "I think I've made up my mind about that trustee. Couldn't you take me down to Squire Weston's office after dinner?"

"Certainly," answered Jake, and said no more.

Accordingly after dinner Maria put on her bonnet, and walked down the village street by Jake's side. People nudged each other as they passed, and glanced at them with curious eyes. News of the Hobbs windfall had leaked out, and, besides, it was rather a rare sight to see Jake Hobbs and his wife together. As they walked silently along, Jake began to feel, with something like bitterness and remorse, that Maria and himself did not talk together candidly and delightedly of the good fortune that had befallen them, as most married pairs would have done. He did not dream of putting this vague feeling into words, for his was as prosaic a nature as man could have, and so, for that matter, was Maria's, but unsentimental people are not necessarily devoid of sentiment. About half-way down the shady street they met, face to face, Mrs. Brewer, dressed in a stunning red silk walking dress, with a large hat and feather shading her rosy though somewhat coarse face. She bowed slightly to Maria, and threw a bright smile at Jake. Maria straightened up her slender figure, and held her head erect. A faint flush crept into her wan cheeks, and her eyes brightened with anger and vexation.

"By Jove, Maria, you're downright handsome," Jake was about to say, when he suddenly caught himself. He had never told her she was downright handsome before, and he would not insult her by saying so now.

The Squire received them in his office, and Jake explained the matter to him. "And I'll call for you, Maria, in half an hour," said he, picking up his hat and making off. The Squire had heard something of the state of affairs in the Hobbs household, and so he turned to Maria and began to explain.

"You see, Mrs. Hobbs, your choice of a trustee is absolutely free. The law requires that I shall interrogate you as to whether any undue influence has been used toward you. Your husband's wishes wouldn't count at all."

"Yes, I know," said Maria.

"Well, now, please state, Mrs. Hobbs—I have got witnesses here in my two clerks, and I'll call them in when you are ready to sign the papers—whom you desire for your trustee."

"Squire Weston," cried poor Maria, coming up close to him, "I'm going to name a person that you'll think tried to influence me. It's my husband; but, Squire, I swear to you he hasn't said a word to me about it, and all the tales you've heard about his neglecting me ain't so. He's been a better man to me than most people think, and he'd have been better still if I had kept younger and had showed more spirit, and had made folks respect me more; and I mean to do different, and I made up my mind to it before the letter came, and I don't want people to think I've changed because I've got a little money. He can have the whole control of it, and I'll hold my head up, and let 'em see I ain't such a poor creature after all; and I wish I had have done it in the beginning, instead of letting 'em walk over me because I was poor and nothing but a Jessup."

This was the longest speech Maria had ever made in her life, and when she stopped she was trembling with excitement.

"You're right, Mrs. Hobbs," said the Squire, bringing his fist down with a great thump,

"You're going to do a mighty wise thing, ma'am, and I'd be glad enough if my wife had a fortune left her, and she did just what you are going to do," which last Maria implicitly believed.

At the end of half an hour Jake reappeared, and he and Maria took their way back home. Jake asked never a word, nor did Maria say anything, but her face was positively red by that time. When they got home, Jake sat down by the fire. Maria hesitated a moment, and then went up to him.

"Jake," she said, softly, "Squire Weston explained all about the trusteeship before I signed my name."

"Of course he did," replied Jake. "He's obliged to."

"My mind was made up before I went in," continued Maria, in the same voice. "I didn't act rash at all. I thought it all over from the time the letter came."

"That's right," was Jake's reply.

"And, Jake, I'm going to be a different woman. I think I made a mistake, when we first married, in letting everybody—even you and Mother Hobbs—see I didn't think myself as good as you are. I don't say my folks was as good, but I say if a woman's respectable, and 'ain't done anything to be ashamed of, and 'ain't got her husband by taking him in, she's his equal, and she ought to make the whole world know it. Oughtn't she?"

"Maria," said Jake, "I see it all now."

"And I couldn't bear the idea that people should think I'd give myself airs because of a little money, so, Jake, I named you for trustee, and the money's all yours, and I'm not going to be as meek and mild as I was."

This last statement, which would not have had a very soothing effect on most husbands, pleased Jake extremely. He rose, and put his two hands, awkwardly enough, on Maria's shoulders. "Maria," said he, "I thank you; and I won't deny I'm glad to get the money, and I'm glad too for everybody to see you've got some confidence in me. It'll make folks think better of both of us. But, Maria, if you'd have showed more spirit, and not have let my mother and everybody else treated you like a servant, I'd have been a happier man and a better husband."

"That's so, Jake," said Maria, with tears in her eyes.

"And, Maria, I want to tell you something. This money matter has kinder brought us together, but I believe it would have come anyhow. Ever since that day you sat down so hard on Sophy Smith I've had a different kind of feeling toward you—a sorter respect for you, like a man ought to feel for his wife."

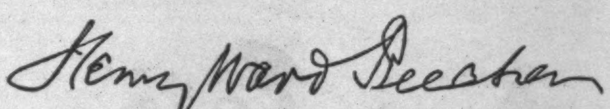
At this poor Maria went all to pieces, and for the first time in her life threw her arms around Jake's neck and kissed him warmly, crying all the time.

"Jake! Maria!" screeched Mother Hobbs from the backroom. "What's going on? what's the matter? Come right in here and tell me."

"This is what's the matter," said Maria, boldly, walking in with Jake's arm around her waist. "Jake and me are going to begin our courting—we never had any, you know; and Jake's a rich man now, and I'm going to dress better, and keep a hired girl, and maybe a horse and wagon just for myself, and I mean to be mistress in my own house."

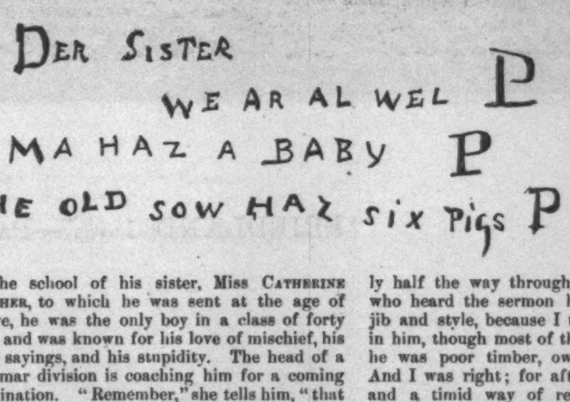
"It's every word true, and I only hope she'll stick up to it," said Jake, with solemn emphasis.

S. Sydney.



The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher died at half past nine o'clock on Tuesday morning, March 8. A brief sketch of his life was published in the last number of the Weekly. What follows is intended to present in fuller outline the career and character of this remarkable man. Like many of our famous men, he was born and brought up in the country. His father, the eccentric Lyman Beecher, was poor, and had a large family. Young Henry did not receive the petting and kind attention that are commonly given to children at the present time. He had to work hard during the week-days, attend church and study the catechism on Sundays (for there were no Sunday-schools in those days), and at all times walk in a very strict line of moral propriety. As a child he was sweet-looking, with golden curly hair, a poor memory, an utterance so indistinct that it was difficult to understand what he said, and, strange to say, a general air of dulness. If he had not been possessed of a strong, healthy constitution and a natural flow of animal spirits, it would not seem possible that he could have retained his happy disposition amidst the stern moral and religious teachers by whom he was surrounded. Passing a church one day with his step-mother, the bell was tolling for a death. "Henry," said Mrs. Beecher, with great solemnity, "what do you think when you hear a bell tolling like that?" The boy was silent. "*I think*," continued Mrs. Beecher, "is that soul prepared? It has gone into *eternity*." Speaking of the large doses of catechism he was obliged to swallow on Sundays, he said, in a sermon, some years ago: "I think that to force childhood to associate religion with such dry morsels is to violate the spirit not only of the New Testament, but of common-sense as well. If I am lax and latitudinarian, the Sunday catechism is to blame for a part of it. The dinners that I have lost because I could not go through 'sanctification' and 'justification' and 'adoption,' and all such questions, lie heavily on my memory." And then he went on to say that the milder policy of his Aunt Esther, who would promise to read to him on Sunday afternoon the story of Joseph, was enough to draw "a silver thread of obedience through the whole week."

He went to school when he was three or four years old, said his letters twice a day, and spent the rest of the time in hemming an apron or towel. His epistolary powers seem to have been early developed, as will be seen by his first letter, written at the age of five, of which the following is a fac-simile:



At the school of his sister, Miss Catherine Beecher, to which he was sent at the age of twelve, he was the only boy in a class of forty girls, and was known for his love of mischief, his witty sayings, and his stupidity. The head of a grammar division is coaching him for a coming examination. "Remember," she tells him, "that *a* is the indefinite article. You can say *a man*, but you can't say *a men*, can you?" "Yes, I can say *amen*, too," was the quick reply; "father says it always at the end of his prayers." She tells him that *I strike* is the active voice, "because if you strike you do something; but *I am struck* is passive, because, if you are struck, you don't do anything, do you?" "Yes, I do. I strike back again." In the class in natural philosophy he explains the theory of the tides: "You see, the sun he catches hold of the moon and pulls her, and she catches hold of the sea and pulls that, and this makes the spring-tides." "Ah!" says the teacher, "but what makes the neap-tides?" "Oh, that's when the sun stops to spit on his hands." Later on, his father removed to Boston, and Henry was sent to the Boston Latin School, where, through much tribulation, he acquired a tolerable acquaintance with the Latin language. Meanwhile he had been reading the lives of naval commanders, and urged his father to let him go to sea. His father, much to his surprise, quickly consented—so quickly, indeed, that Henry thought over the project more seriously, and finally abandoned it altogether. At the Mount Pleasant Institute and Amherst College he studied with determination, though he was always known for his wit, humor, and spirit of good-fellowship. At college he became deeply impressed with the religious feeling, and eventually determined to enter the ministry, continuing his studies at Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, of which his father became the President in 1832.

He was ordained a clergyman in 1836, "having," says his sister, Mrs. Stowe, "the most exalted ideas of what ought to be done by a Christian minister. He had transferred to that profession all those ideals of courage, enterprise, zeal, and knightly daring which were the dreams of his boyhood, and which he first hoped to realize in the naval profession. His first sermon was delivered a year after he was ordained, at what was then the Presbyterian church in Batavia, Ohio. For four years previous the small congregation that worshipped in the edifice had been ministered to by Rev. Lyman Beecher, Rev. Charles E. Stowe, and Rev. George Beecher, Henry's older brother. The sermon was delivered on a Saturday night; the church was lighted by tallow candles placed on bits of tin hanging against the wall, and a squeaking old bell called the people together. The preacher stood in a big box-like pulpit, and looked as if he was scared to death. Several of the old inhabitants of Batavia who were living two years ago remembered the discourse. One has remarked that young Beecher's appearance was against him, for he was shy and boyish-looking, "but before he got through he cast off his scare, and I liked him better than his brother George. His contrast to the stern, unyielding, Puritanic style of his revered father was remarked by all." A lady says that the sermon was methodical in style, but that the preacher was greatly "in fear and trembling until nearly half the way through." A very old citizen who heard the sermon has said: "I liked his jib and style, because I thought he had mettle in him, though most of the young folks thought he was poor timber, owing to his greenness. And I was right; for after a hesitating prayer and a timid way of reading the hymn, and after stumbling some in the beginning of his sermon, he warmed up, and went through his discourse, which was a doctrinal one, in a manner strongly indicative of his future success."

Mr. Beecher's first regular pastorate was at Lawrenceburg, Indiana. Just previous to accepting it he had married Miss Eunice Bullard, a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Bullard, a Presbyterian clergyman. Old Dr. Beecher remonstrated with his son for marrying so young, and Henry replied, "I will marry her if we have only the north side of a corn-cob to live on." The young couple almost reached this point of geographical impecuniosity. Young Beecher's salary was less than $300, and part of that was paid in farm and garden produce. The pastor was sexton as well as preacher; he swept out the church, made the fires, rang the bell, and, as he once said, "I did everything but come and hear myself preach." He hauled the logs with which to build his own house. Children were born in rapid succession, and soon the health of his wife broke down. Then the dominie assisted in the house-work—peeled potatoes, cooked meals, washed dishes, attended to his sick wife, and washed the soiled clothes. He remained in Lawrenceburg two years, when he accepted a call to Indianapolis, where he lived for eight years. He worked hard, preaching twice on Sunday, and holding meetings five times a week. He made it a point to go among the people as much as possible, in stores, in places of public resort, to learn what the people were doing and talking about, in order that he might adapt his preaching to their peculiar needs. This custom he pursued in after-life.

Mr. Beecher came East largely on account of the failing health of his wife, with whom the Western climate did not agree, and partly through the persuasions of James Cooke, a partner of William T. Cutter, one of the founders of Plymouth Church. What was then known as the First Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn was bought for $20,000 by three or four gentlemen, the object of the organization being, as stated, "to combine the descendants of the Pilgrims in a new and more general movement to introduce democratic and Puritan principles and policy in ecclesiastical affairs." Mr. Beecher was offered $1500 a year, and agreed to come. His letter of acceptance was sealed with a little picture seal, quite common at that time, the picture representing a falling gate, with the motto beneath, "I'm all unhinged." The new pastor took charge of the church November 11, 1847. He at once announced from his pulpit that he would preach Christ, "not as an absolute system of doctrines, not as a by-gone historical personage, but as the living Lord and God." Temperance and antislavery, he added, would be preached as a part of the gospel of Christ.

The new pastor soon became one of the most popular preachers of the time, and later on, when he took an active part in preaching antislavery sermons, his church became the best known in Brooklyn, while his bold utterances in behalf of human freedom were reported and quoted far and near. In 1863 he visited England, and in the face of a bitter English prejudice, sometimes taking the form of personal violence, he spoke boldly for the cause of the Union. "I had," he said, "to outscream a mob, and drown the noise of a multitude." His work in England did much to awaken sympathy for the Northern cause, and upon his return home he was more popular than ever. Mr. Beecher's power and fascination as a preacher were due principally to the honest, forceful way in which he presented the truth as he understood it. He had a wonderful flow of language, a keen sense of humor, and a sympathetic heart. "I never," he once said, "hear of the experience of others who are troubled, or struggling, or groping their way, that their condition does not instantly present itself before my eyes, and I do not think of it, but I see it." Having thus the dramatic instinct, entirely free from set methods of oratory and clerical mannerisms, he charmed a large and miscellaneous class of people. He liked to talk with workmen—gardeners, engineers, boatmen, etc.—about their respective occupations. He tried to get close to the popular heart. In later years he attended the theatre, seeing the best plays, talking with the actors and actresses as he had opportunity, and studying this new phase of the world's life, from which, from conscientious scruples, he had for many years kept aloof.

He was kind-hearted to a fault. A thief steals his overcoats, and two years afterward comes to the great preacher and says he has been suffering mentally ever since on account of his crime; will Mr. Beecher forgive him? Mr. Beecher forgives him, and gives him ten dollars with which to start in the peddling business. A belated newspaper reporter fails to take down his sermon. He goes to Beecher's home, tells him that the editor will discharge him. Mr. Beecher says he will make it all right, and sitting down, dictates the long discourse to the unfortunate scribe. Another journalist goes to his house at Peekskill for an interview. Mr. Beecher refuses. The newspaper man tries the power of persuasion, speaks of the importance of the subject, the good the interview would do the public, etc. Mr. Beecher declines. "Think, too," says the artful scribe, "I've got up early, and come all the way from Brooklyn this morning, and you're going to send me off with an empty note-book." "No, I won't," says the great divine, with a kindly smile. "Come up to the house." The reporter gets a four-column interview. A charming young Irish lady, a strict Roman Catholic, tells her story. "Never," she says, "let me hear any one say a word against Mr. Beecher. When I was a wee bit of a girl I lived near him. Once, seeing him in the street, I was bold enough to go to him with a missionary card, on which was printed dots made in the form of a cross. Mr. Beecher looked at the card, and asked what it meant. I told him that to prick one dot with a pin cost five cents. 'How many dots are there on the card?' he inquired. I told him a hundred. Putting his hand in his pocket, he drew forth a five-dollar bill, exclaiming, 'There, now, you can prick them all.'"

Mr. Beecher disliked the effort of writing, and it was often hard work for publishers to get "copy" from him at a stated time. The writing of his novel *Norwood* was a particularly painful task, and he was sorry, during the continuance of the work, that he had ever begun it. His sermons were *extempore*. He made notes in a little blank book he carried in his vest pocket, from which a rude "outline" for the discourse was made on two or three sheets of sermon paper. Mr. Beecher's library consisted of about six thousand volumes, and represented almost every phase of literature. It was very full in books relating to divinity, especially those of recent date. There were many works on art and early English poetry, also a large collection bearing on the habits of animals. Though he never wore jewelry, he was very fond of curious gems and precious stones. He said it rested him after hard work to look at them or show them to his friends. He began to form a collection of engravings when he first came to Brooklyn, and he possessed a vast number of etchings and engravings of great interest, though not always of great value. Mr. Beecher was the author of the following published works: *Sermons*, ten volumes of 475 pages each; *Sermons*, four volumes of 600 pages each; *A Summer Parish*, 240 pages; *Yale Lectures on Preaching*, first, second, and third series; *Lectures to Young Men*, 506 pages; *Star Papers*, 600 pages; *Pleasant Talk About Fruits, Flowers, and Farming*, 498 pages; *Lecture-room Talks*, 384 pages; *Norwood, or Village Life in New England*, 549 pages; *The Overture of Angels; Eyes and Ears, or Thoughts as They Occur; Freedom and War; Royal Truths; Views and Experiences of Religious Subjects; Life of Jesus the Christ*. One volume of the last work has been published, and Mr. Beecher was working on the second volume just before his recent fatal illness.

The living children of the deceased divine are the wife of the Rev. Mr. Scoville, of Norwich, New York, Henry B. Beecher, William C. Beecher, and Herbert F. Beecher.

Mr. Beecher once expressed a desire that he should die suddenly. The full text of the passage of the sermon in which that wish occurs becomes of peculiar interet at the present time. It is as follows:

"I have known morbid people to speculate as to how they were going to look in their coffins. I have known grown people who were full of imagination about the grave. Death is not only heathenish, but barbarous, in their thought.

"I never think of dying except with pleasure, as I would of translation. To me the mere passing through is nothing; it may be a little longer or a little shorter. I have always hoped it would be very short. I may horrify some people by saying it, but I pray God will give me sudden and instantaneous death. I would rather die by being struck with lightning than die with consumption. If it be God's will that I should become old and tottling, and grow feebler and feebler before I die, I am willing that it should be so; but if I were left to my choice, I should like to break off short, and die a strong man, in the middle of battle; but that is for God to decide, and not for me.

"Dying to me is not at all the humiliation of the body. It is the exaltation of the spirit. It is the emergence of the soul from its outward form. It is our development out of this sphere into a higher one. It is not the ushering of men into a state of weakness and gloom. It is the inauguration of a condition of power and joy. It is the moving of the soul in the direction of amplitude and glory. It is the endowing of the soul with the riches of immortal life in its highest forms and its greatest beneficences.

"I do not know that a nightingale, sitting in the twilight and singing with all its little soul, has the least idea that the whole neighborhood is charmed with its song; but I can conceive that a soul may be in such a blessed state of experience that it may, like a nightingale, charm the wide circles in heaven with inspiring music.

"The Apostle did not care to be unclothed; he did not care to get rid of his burden, except by overcoming it through divine grace; but he desired to be clothed upon. He desired a better manhood—spiritual manhood, heavenly manhood. He did not take a gloomy view of suffering and death. Some men think of dying. I do not think of anything black or smirching when I think about death. I think of gold and precious stones and flashing wings. Some men think of an iron gate with an ugly, grim jailer, who, with a big key, that is not rusty, turns it often. I think of a 'pearly gate,' as Milton calls it, which turns on golden hinges. Some men think of dying as they think of disease. I think of dying as the flight of the bird—higher and higher into the purer ether.

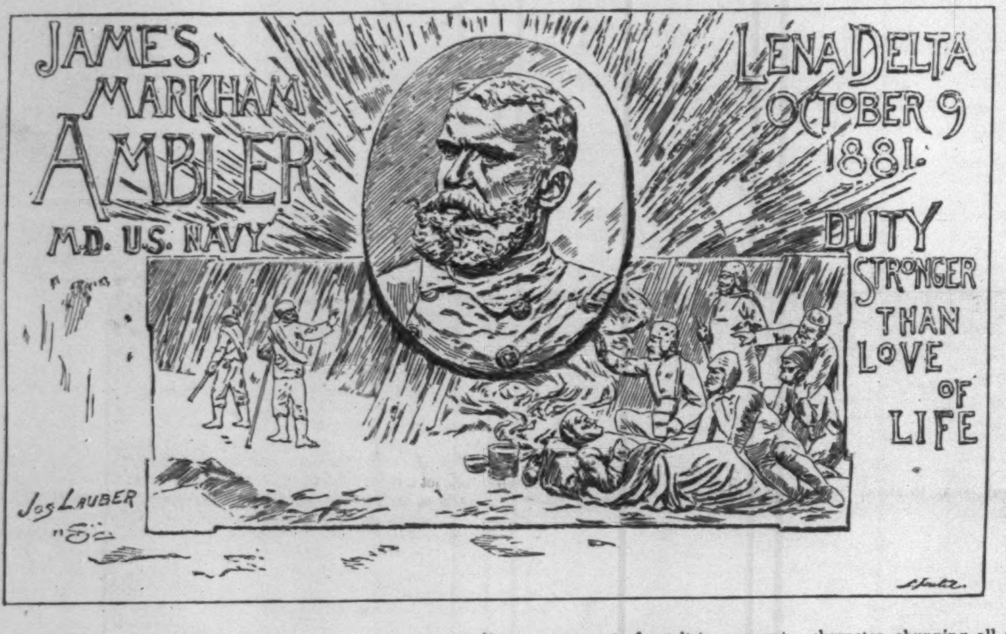
"Now it seems to me that no thought of death is valid or right which does not leave you stronger, more joyous, happier. I am not going to die downward. I am not going to die toward hell. I mean, by the grace of God, to die toward heaven. And I am going to think of it so as to take some comfort of it beforehand. I am going to shake the tree of life so that if I do not get the golden fruit here, some leaves shall drop down for the healing of my heart."

In this number of the Weekly we supplement the fine picture of Mr. Beecher, given on the front page of last number, by a series of illustrations ranging from his birthplace at Litchfield to the depositing of his remains in the vault in Greenwood Cemetery. They include some of the most impressive aspects of the public honors paid to his memory. About these there was very little pomp and circumstance, but they were pervaded by a depth and sincerity of popular feeling which gave them a significance which was entirely independent of scenic accessories. People without distinction of creed or social rank have mourned for Henry Ward Beecher as for a cherished friend, and the manifestation of their sorrow has been as spontaneous as it was imposing. So far as such evidences of grief are capable of pictorial representation they have been seized by our artists, and may serve as a memorial of some of the most affecting scenes which the country has witnessed of a people's farewell to one of its greatest men.

George J. Manson.

"FRIEDLAND, 1807."—PAINTED BY JEAN LOU

[L]OUIS ERNEST MEISSONIER.—[SEE PAGE 210.]



THE AMBLER MEMORIAL.

THE beautiful bronze medallion tablet to the memory of the late Surgeon JAMES M. AMBLER, U.S.N., is a loving contribution from his brother officers of the Medical Corps. Dr. AMBLER perished while in the heroic discharge of duty, on the Lena Delta, in the month of November, 1881, with Lieutenant-Commander DE LONG, U S.N., and others of the *Jeannette* exploring expedition. The medallion portrait of Surgeon AMBLER, three-quarter life size, on the upper part of the tablet, is an excellent likeness. He is in the undress uniform of his naval rank. The face is a strong one, plainly denoting the fortitude and faithfulness of which his life and death gave ample proof. The scene below the medallion represents the memorable camp of the morning of October 9 at the moment Dr. AMBLER is declining to leave his sick people, nobly preferring to die of hunger and cold rather than go away from those who have a just claim upon his professional services in their hour of sickness, suffering, and death. NINDERMAN and NORROS are seen on the left going away from the main party. In the course of the next ten days they both fall in with natives, and are saved. Lieutenant-Commander DE LONG stands erect, calmly watching and directing the departure of NINDERMAN and his companion. The camp is situated on a low sand-spit, with a high perpendicular cliff to the north of it. Floating ice is seen in the river. The figures are not clad in arctic dress, as this sort of clothing had been left behind in the retreat across the ice during the summer. The party has been without food for a number of days, and has just now divided the last of the alcohol and glycerine, each one receiving two ounces. This camp scene is very realistic, and the sculptor in figures of bronze tells more graphically than words can do this touching story of suffering and duty well done. The tablet was designed and cast in New York, and is now in the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, awaiting the official decision as to the place which it will finally occupy.

JAMES B. EADS.

RARELY has an American engineer devoted himself to enterprises vaster in scope than those associated with the name of JAMES BUCHANAN EADS, who died in Nassau on the 10th of March. Born in Lawrenceburg, Indiana, May 23, 1830, he showed a bent for mechanism from childhood, and at the age of ten is said to have built a little machine that worked by steam, and at twelve to have been able to take apart and put together a lever watch, with no tools but a pocket-knife. In 1833 his family removed to St. Louis on a steamer which was burned on the way, and he landed barefooted and coatless on the spot now occupied by the abutment of his great bridge. He peddled apples in the street for a few months, to support himself and aid his mother and sisters, then got a place in a store, next as clerk on a steamer, and then, in 1842, constructed a "diving-bell boat," with which profitable device his great career began. A vast business in raising vessels and obstructions had gained him half a million dollars by the outbreak of the war, besides paying his losses on a bad venture in the manufacture of glass-ware. His national fame came when, on the call of the government upon him, he undertook to build seven gun-boats within sixty-five days, and did actually deliver within one hundred days, December 5, 1861, the last of them. They were the *Gettysburg*, *Cincinnati*, *St. Louis*, *Louisville*, *Cairo*, *Carondelet*, and *Mound City*, each 175 feet in length, 50 in breadth, and 6 in depth, 512 tons in burden, casemated and iron-plated, with a speed of 9 miles, and each carrying 13 guns. Within the same period he altered and plated another still larger vessel. The following year, 1862, he built many other gun-boats and mortar-boats, which did service in the operations of GRANT and FARRAGUT.

The steel-arch bridge at St. Louis, with its magnificent central span of 520 feet clear, and its side arches of 502 feet each, on which Mr. EADS was engaged from 1867 to 1874, will be an enduring monument to his fame. The Mississippi jetties, his next work, were opposed as chimerical by government officers of distinguished reputation, but were at last carried through. His plan was to contract the stream so as to force it to wear out its own bed; and the contract depth of thirty feet in the South Pass, at the mouth of the river, having been attained, he received from the government the sum stipulated, which in all amounted to $5,125,000.

Mr. EADS examined and reported upon St. John's and Sacramento rivers, Toronto, Tampico, and Vera Cruz harbors, the estuary of the Mersey, and so on. His boldest conception, that of a railway with which to take ships bodily across the Isthmus, had occupied him for many years, but the enterprise has received a great blow in the death of its projector.

THE NEW MEDICAL COLLEGE AT CLEVELAND.

THE Western Reserve University of Cleveland consists of the Adelbert College, the Preparatory School at Hudson (a town about twenty miles from Cleveland), and the Medical College. Adelbert College was endowed by the late AMASA STONE, of Cleveland, by a gift of $600,000, in 1881. The Medical College, which was dedicated on Tuesday, March 8, formerly occupied a small building in Cleveland, which has recently been found entirely inadequate to its growing wants. Its roll of professors, besides the Dean, Dr. WEBER, includes eighteen of the most learned medical practitioners in and around Cleveland. In the classes for 1885–6 were 165 students, chiefly from Ohio and Pennsylvania, though not a few from the States farther West. It embraces in its course of instruction all branches of learning connected with the science of medicine. For admission the only requirement of a student is a good English education.

The dedication of the college was witnessed by a large number of people from all parts of the Western Reserve. The exercises were simple, consisting of a prayer by Rev. Dr. CARROLL CUTLER, President of the University, an address of welcome by Dean WEBER, and remarks by Rev. Dr. BATES, Dr. MCEBRIGHT, President of the State Medical Association, and by Dr. WILLIAM A. KNOWLTON, of Brecksville.

In style the building is a modification of the Romanesque, the treatment being as simple as possible throughout. It is built of a dark purplish-brown sandstone from quarries at Twinsburg, about twenty miles from Cleveland, on the Connotton Valley Railroad. It is four stories in height. The principal entrance is on Erie Street, through a large, deep arch; there are also entrances to the basement story on each of the three other sides. The basement contains ample provisions for a large clinique—waiting-room, numerous rooms for special departments, dressing-rooms, and toilet-rooms for male and female patients, and an amphitheatre seating 230 students, and room for dispensary. The first story contains a large room for library, designed to be used also as reception-room and for faculty meetings, the janitor's office, near entrance, sitting and reading room for students, students' coat-room, physiological laboratory, toilet-rooms, and three professors' private rooms, as also the upper portion of the clinique amphitheatre, with students' entrance to same. The second story is occupied by the Department of Chemistry—two large laboratories, and a lecture-room seating 220, with large anterooms, and room for storage of chemicals and apparatus. The floor level of the large amphitheatre for anatomical and other lectures, seating 500, is placed between the first and second stories, and occupies the central portion of the building from this level to the roof, being lighted exclusively from above, the entire ceiling being of glass. On the same level with this amphitheatre floor are six professors' rooms. The third story contains a large laboratory of practical anatomy, accommodating twenty-four tables, laboratory of pathology and histology, and the museum; also two professors' rooms. There is a large amount of space in the attic story which can be made available for future needs. The plumbing, heating, and ventilating of the building have been very carefully considered and thoroughly done. Warmed air is forced into every room in the building by means of a large fan capable of discharging 25,000 cubic feet of air per minute, and large ventilating ducts from each room are connected with two large ventilators at apex of the roof. A hydraulic elevator runs from the basement to the attic story.

Mr. JOHN L. WOODS, the founder of the College, was born at Corinth, Vermont, February 11, 1822, and though now sixty-five years of age, is still in the enjoyment of the health and vigor of youth. At an early age he went to Michigan, where he entered the lumber business, and amassed a large fortune. During the past thirteen years he has been a resident of Cleveland, at the head of a large lumber firm, and engaged in various branches of business. The $200,000 which he gave to build and found the Medical Department of the Western Reserve University is but a small fraction of his constant donations for various purposes. He is of a quiet, retiring character, shunning all forms of notoriety, frequently giving for educational and benevolent purposes, and always keeping his generous acts from the public. When it was announced that some one had given a large sum for the construction of a medical college in Cleveland, the name of the giver was unknown until the fact leaked out through the personal interest Mr. WOODS manifested in the progress of the building.

Mr. GUSTAV C. E. WEBER, the Dean of the new Medical College, was born in Bonn, Prussia, May 26, 1828. He came of a good family. His father, M. I. WEBER, was Professor of Anatomy in the University of Bonn, Prussia, and was decorated by several of the crowned heads of Europe for his distinguished services in the cause of science. GUSTAV'S education was chiefly obtained at Bonn University, but before matriculating the revolutionary movement of 1848 caused him to emigrate. He came to the United States in 1849, and began to work at agriculture near St. Louis; he soon, however, abandoned this business, and returned to Europe, and completed his studies at Vienna, Amsterdam, and Paris. In 1853 he came again to this country, and settled in New York, where his brother EDWARD was engaged in the practice of medicine. His brother died that year, and he assumed his practice with success. The demands upon him were so great that his health failed, and in 1856 he was obliged to relinquish his practice. That year he accepted the chair of Surgery in the Cleveland Medical College, made vacant by the death of Dr. HORACE A. ACKLEY, and retained that position for seven years. In the autumn of 1861 one of the first acts of Governor TOD was to appoint him Surgeon-General of the Ohio forces, with special mission to organize a system for the better medical care of troops in the field. After making arrangements for better condition of the camps and hospitals in the State, he obtained from the Secretary of War permission to visit the Ohio soldiers in the field, and the troops were greatly benefited by his labors. In the autumn of that year his wife's health and his professional duties compelled him to resign. In 1864 he organized the Charity Hospital Medical College, of which he was made Professor of Clinical Surgery, and also Dean of the Faculty. He was also appointed Consulting Surgeon of Charity Hospital—an institution which owed its existence mainly to his suggestions and efforts. From first to last his services to the hospital were gratuitously rendered. It was finally merged into the Medical Department of the University of Wooster, he being chosen to fill the same positions occupied during its independent existence. He is the originator of a new method of closing arteries of a large size in surgical operations without a ligature. This consists in reflecting the wall of the artery, or folding it back upon itself (like turning back the cuff of a coat), which doubles the thickness of the arterial wall at the end of the divided artery, and enables the artery to close itself by its own contraction. Lest the wall turn back again, a very delicate silver pin, one-eighth of an inch in length, is passed through the artery at the point of reflection. In 1859 he established the Cleveland *Medical Gazette*, which he conducted with ability during several years. He was married in 1854 to RUTH ELIZABETH CHENEY, of New York city.

THE OCEAN YACHT RACE.

YACHTS which set out to race across the Atlantic in the month of March are not likely to lag upon the way for lack of a wind. British yachtsmen spoke disparagingly of American weather last fall, when Lieutenant HENN'S *Galatea* failed to find wind enough hereabouts to suit her turn, but at this season the elements, both above and below, are very active off the coast, as far along as the other end of Nova Scotia or farther, and it is hardly probable that the crews of the *Dauntless* and *Coronet* are fanning the sails of those yachts just now to assist them over the seas A great interest is felt in the race of these two fine schooners, and many people will await with sportsmanlike anxiety the news of their progress across the ocean, which it is thought will be brought from time to time by incoming steamers, and of their arrival at the end of their journey, in Queenstown Harbor.

A race like this may show, of course, which of the contesting vessels is the finer sailer, but more depends perhaps upon the way in which they are sailed, and consequently upon the men who command them. Yachtsmen speak not so much of the merits of the *Dauntless* and the *Coronet* as of the merits of Captain SAMUEL SAMUELS and Captain C. P. CROSBY, the skippers of the two yachts respectively. Captain SAMUELS of the *Dauntless* is a skipper of wide fame. He has written an exceedingly interesting book of his sea experiences, which Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS have just published. The Captain ran away from his home in the city of Philadelphia at the age of eleven years. His first voyage was down the Schuylkill and along the coast to New York. He was in the great Gulf hurricane of 1836, and had served in a dozen ships and been around the world before he reached his majority. He was a Captain at the age of twenty-one. Along in the Fifties he commanded the clipper-ship *Dreadnaught*, called "the wild boat of the Atlantic," on account of her wonderful speed. That a great deal of the *Dreadnaught's* speed was due to the skill of Captain SAMUELS there can be no doubt. A lack of caution was not charged to him, but he was known as a skipper who always stood up to his chances. He believed that a wind was what was wanted to make a ship go, and he was not afraid to take advantage of a hurricane. In his book, *From the Forecastle to the Cabin*, Captain SAMUELS tells us that one of the secrets of his success in making quick passages was looking to it that the ship sailed at night. It takes nerve, he says, to sail a ship up to the limit of her capacity at night, and it was his habit to give his ship the benefit of his nerve at that time. Old sailors believe that the Captain will get the *Dauntless* across the ocean as rapidly as may be.

Captain CROSBY is not so famous a skipper as Captain SAMUELS, but he bears a high reputation. He is some fifty-six years of age, five feet nine inches in height, and of sturdy build, weighing about 170 pounds. He was born in Eastport, Maine. He has followed the sea since he was seventeen years of age. He commanded a fore-and-after at nineteen, and has had much experience with these vessels, as well as with square-rigged craft. He had eight years' experience as a captain of steam-yachts. His hair and mustache are grizzled, and he has gray eyes. Captain SAMUELS is about two inches shorter than Captain CROSBY, and weighs in the neighborhood of 145 pounds. His hair and whiskers are white, and his eyes are blue-gray.

The *Dauntless* is a historic craft, having sailed in many races. Her present owner is Mr. CALDWELL H. COLT, of Hartford, Connecticut. The *Coronet* is owned by Mr. R. T. BUSH. She is a new vessel, and this is her first race. Each owner has wagered $10,000 upon the result of the present contest. The yachts started from Owl's Head, in this harbor, on Saturday, March 12, and it was about 12.50 o'clock when the judges' boat lowered her club colors at the fore, the preparatory signal, and ten minutes later, with a long whistle, set the pennant. At 1.12 o'clock the *Coronet* crossed the line, amid a babel of whistles and the booming of cannon. The wind was coming just over the starboard quarter, her main and fore sail were free, off to port, her square-sail to starboard, and her fore-staysail and jib were bulging out to port, filled with wind. Every sail was white and new, and all set as straight as a board. She fairly flew before the breeze, and clearly showed that the criticism that she buried herself when under all her canvas was without foundation.

Meanwhile the *Dauntless* seemed to have some difficulty in getting ready to cross the line. Finally, however, just as the *Coronet* flew past the judges' boat, she jibed around and filled away with the wind abeam. She had all her head-sails set, but the jib-topsail and flying-jib did not draw well. She crossed the line at 1.15 o'clock, and, like her rival, broke out her square-sail immediately afterward. The main-topsail went up in a jiffy, but it took some time to get the fore-topsail well set, and by the time she was fairly away the *Coronet* was nearly half a mile ahead. The *Dauntless*, however, soon headed down, and both yachts set to steady work on their long 3000 mile race.

The Crusade of the "Excelsior."*

BY BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN Padre Esteban had finished reading the document he laid it down and fixed his eyes on the young man. Hurlstone met his look with a glance of impatient disdain.

"What have you to say to this?" asked the ecclesiastic, a little impressed by his manner.

"That, as far as it concerns myself, it is a farrago of absurdity. If I were the person described there, why should I have sought you with what you call a lie of 'sentimental passion,' when I could have claimed protection openly with my *sister patriot?*" he added, with a bitter laugh.

"Because you did not know *then* the sympathy of the people nor the decision of the Council," said the priest.

"But I know it *now*—and I refuse to accept it."

"You refuse—to—to accept it?" echoed the priest.

"I do." He walked toward the door. "Before I go, let me thank you for the few hours' rest and security that you have given to one who may be a cursed man, but is no impostor. But I do not blame you for doubting one who talks like a desperate man, yet lacks the courage of desperation. Good-by."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1568.

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"Where are you going?"

"What matters? There is a safer protection and security to be found than even that offered by the Council of Todos Santos."

His eyes were averted, but not before the priest had seen them glaze again with the same gloomy absorption that had horrified him in the church the evening before. Father Esteban stepped forward and placed his soft hand on Hurlstone's shoulder. "Look at me. Don't turn your face aside, but hear me, for I believe your story."

Without raising his eyes, the young man lifted Father Esteban's hand from his shoulder, pressed it lightly, and put it quietly aside. "I thank you," he said, "for keeping at least that unstained memory of me. But it matters little now. Good-by."

He had his hand upon the door, but the priest again withheld him. "When I tell you I believe your story, it is only to tell you more. I believe that God has directed your wayward, wandering feet here to His house, that you may lay down the burden of your weak and suffering manhood before His altar, and become once more a child of His. I stand here to offer you, not a refuge of a day or a night, but for all time; not a hiding-place from man or woman, but from yourself, my son—yourself, your weak and mortal self, more fatal to you than all. I stand here to open for you not only the door of this humble cell, but that of His yonder blessed mansion. You shall share my life with me; you shall be one of my disciples; you shall help me strive for other souls as I have striven for yours. The protection of the church, which is all-powerful, shall be around you if you wish to be known; you shall hide yourself in its mysteries if you wish to be forgotten. You shall be my child, my companion, my friend; all that my age can give you shall be yours while I live, and it shall be your place one day to take up my unfinished work when it falls from these palsied hands forever."

"You are mistaken," said the young man, coldly. "I came to you for human aid, and thank you for what you have granted me; I have not been presumptuous enough to ask more, nor to believe myself a fitting subject for conversion. I am weak, but not weak enough to take advantage of the mistaken kindness of either the temporal Council of Todos Santos or its spiritual head." He opened the door leading into the garden. "Forget and forgive me, Father Esteban, and let me say farewell."

"Stop!" said the ecclesiastic, raising himself to his full height and stepping before Hurlstone. "Then if you will not hear me in the name of your Father who lives, in the name of your father who is dead, I command you to stay! I stand here to-day in the place of that man I never knew—to hold back his son from madness and crime. Think of me as of him whom you loved, and grant to an old man who might have had a son as old as you, the right of throwing a father's protecting arm around you."

There was a moment's silence. "What do you want me to do?" said Hurlstone, suddenly lifting his now moist and glistening eyes upon the old man.

"Give me your word of honor that for twenty-four hours you will remain as you are—pledging yourself to nothing—only promising to commit no act, take no step, without consulting me. You will not be sought here, nor yet need you keep yourself a prisoner in these gloomy walls, except that, by exposing yourself to the people now, you might be compromised to some course that you are not ready to take."

"I promise," said Hurlstone. He turned and held out both his hands; but Father Esteban anticipated him with a paternal gesture of uplifted and opened arms, and for an instant the young man's head was bowed on the priest's shoulders. Father Esteban gently raised the young man's head.

"You will take a *paseata* in the garden until the Angelus rings, my son, while the air is still sweet and wholesome, and think this over. Remember that you may accept the hospitality of the Council without sin or deception. You were not in sympathy with either the captors of the *Excelsior* or their defeated party; for you would have flown from both. You, of all your party now in Todos Santos, are most in sympathy with us. You have no cause to love your own people; you have abandoned them for us. Go, my son, and meditate upon my words. I will fetch you from yonder slope in time for the evening refection."

Hurlstone bowed his head, and turned his irresolute feet toward the upper extremity of the garden, indicated by the priest, which seemed to offer more seclusion and security than the avenue of pear-trees. He was dazed and benumbed. The old dogged impulses of self-destruction—revived by the priest's reproaches, but checked by the vision of his dead and forgotten father, which the priest's words had called up—gave way, in turn, to his former despair. With it came a craving for rest and peace so insidious that in some vague fear of yielding to it he quickened his pace, as if to increase his distance from the church and its apostle. He was almost out of breath when he reached the summit, and turned to look back upon the mission buildings and the straggling street of the pueblo, which now for the first time he saw skirted the wall of the garden in its descent toward the sea. He had not known the full extent of Todos Santos before; when he swam ashore he had landed under a crumbling outwork of the fort; he gazed now with curious interest over the hamlet that might have been his home. He looked over the red-tiled roofs, and further on to the shining bay shut in by the impenetrable rampart of fog. He might have found rest and oblivion here but for the intrusion of those fellow-passengers to share his exile and make it intolerable. How he hated and loathed them all! Yet the next moment he found himself scrutinizing the street and plaza below him for a glimpse of his country-women, who he knew were still in the town, or vainly endeavoring to locate their habitation among the red-tiled roofs. And that frank, clear-eyed girl—Miss Keene—she who had seemed to vaguely pity him, she was somewhere here too, selected by the irony of fate to be his confederate. He could not help thinking of her beauty and kindness now, with a vague curiosity that was half an uneasiness. It had not struck him before, but if he were to accept the ridiculous attitude forced upon him by Todos Santos, its absurdity as well as its responsibility would become less odious by sharing it with another. Perhaps it might be to *her* advantage; and if so, would he be justified in exposing its absurdity? He would have to see her first; and if he did, how would he explain his real position? A returning wave of bitterness threw him back into his old despair.

The twilight had slowly gathered over the view as he gazed—or, rather, a luminous concentration above the pueblo and bay had left the outer circle of fog denser and darker. Emboldened by the apparent desertion of the embarcadero, he began to retrace his steps down the slope, keeping close to the wall so as to avoid passing before the church again, or a closer contact with the gardener among the vines. In this way he reached the path he had skirted the night before, and stopped almost under the shadow of the Alcalde's house. It was here he had rested and hidden; here he had tasted the first sweets of isolation and oblivion in the dreamy garden; here he had looked forward to peace with the passing of the ship—and now! The sound of voices and laughter suddenly grated upon his ear. He had heard that voice before. Its distinctness startled him until he became aware that he was standing before a broken, half-rotting door that permitted a glimpse of the court-yard of the neighboring house. He glided quickly past it without pausing, but in that glimpse beheld Mrs. Brimmer and Miss Chubb half reclining in the corridor, in the attitude he had often seen them on the deck of the ship, talking and laughing with a group of Mexican gallants. A feeling of inconceivable loathing and aversion took possession of him. Was it to *this* he was returning after his despairing search for oblivion? Their empty, idle laughter seemed to ring mockingly in his ears as he hurried on, scarce knowing whither, until he paused before the broken cactus hedge and crumbling wall that fenced the embarcadero. A glance over the hedge showed him that the strip of beach was deserted. He looked up the narrow street; it was empty. A few rapid strides across it gained him the shadow of the sea-wall of the Presidio, unchecked and unhindered. The ebbing tide had left a foot or two of narrow shingle between the sea and the wall. He crept along this until, a hundred yards distant, the sea-wall re-entered inland around a bastion at the entrance of a moat half filled at high tide by the waters of the bay, but now a ditch of shallow pools, sand, and débris. He leaned against the bastion, and looked over the softly darkening water.

How quiet it looked, and under that vaporous veil how profound and inscrutable! How easy to slip into its all-embracing arms, and sink into its yielding bosom, leaving behind no stain, tone, or word! A surer oblivion than the Church, which would not absolve memory, grant forgetfulness, nor even hide the ghastly foot-prints of its occupants. Here was obliteration. But was he sure of that? He thought of the body of the murdered Peruvian, laid out at the feet of the Council by this same fickle and uncertain sea; he thought of his own distorted face subjected to the cold curiosity of these aliens or the contemptuous pity of his countrymen. But that could be avoided. It was easy for him—a good swimmer—to reach a point far enough out in the channel for the ebbing tides to carry him past that barrier of fog into the open and obliterating ocean. And then, at least, it might seem as if he had attempted to *escape*—indeed, if he cared, he might be able to keep afloat until he was picked up by some passing vessel, bound to a distant land. The self-delusion pleased him, and seemed to add the clinching argument to his resolution. It was not suicide: it was escape—certainly no more than escape—he intended! And this miserable sophism of self-apology, the last flashes of expiring conscience, helped to light up his pale, determined face with satisfaction. He began coolly to divest himself of his coat.

What was that? The sound of some dislodged stones splashing in one of the pools further up. He glanced furtively round the wall of the bastion. A figure crouching against the side of the ditch, as if concealing itself from observation on the glacis above, was slowly approaching the sea. Suddenly, when within a hundred yards of Hurlstone, it turned, crossed the ditch, rapidly mounted its crumbling sides, and disappeared over the crest. But in that hurried glimpse he had recognized Captain Bunker.

The sudden and mysterious apparition of this man produced on Hurlstone an effect that the most violent opposition could not have created. Without a thought of the terrible purpose it had interrupted, and obeying some stronger instinct that had seized him, he dashed down into the ditch and up to the crest again after Captain Bunker. But he had completely disappeared. A little lagoon, making in from the bay, on which a small fishing-boat was riding, and a solitary fisherman mending his nets on the muddy shore a few feet from it, were all that was to be seen.

He was turning back when he saw the object of his search creeping from some reeds on all-fours with a stealthy, panther-like movement toward the unconscious fisherman. Before Hurlstone could utter a cry, Bunker had sprung upon the unfortunate man, thrown him to the earth, rapidly rolled him over and over, enwrapping him hand and foot in his own net, and involving him hopelessly in its meshes. Tossing the helpless victim—who was apparently too stupefied to call out—to one side, he was rushing toward the boat, when, with a single bound, Hurlstone reached his side, and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Captain Bunker, for God's sake, what are you doing?"

Captain Bunker turned slowly and without apparent concern toward his captor. Hurlstone fell back before the vacant, lack-lustre eyes that were fixed upon him.

"Captain Bunker's my name," said the madman, in a whisper. "Lemuel Bunker, of Nantucket! Hush! don't waken him," pointing to the prostrate fisherman; "I've put him to sleep. I'm Captain Bunker—old drunken Bunker—who stole one ship from her owners, and disgraced himself, and now is going to steal another—ha! ha! Let me go!"

"Captain Bunker," said Hurlstone, recovering himself in time to prevent the maniac from dashing into the water, "look at me. Don't you know me?"

"Yes, yes; you're one of old Bunker's dogs kicked overboard by Perkins. I'm one of Perkins's dogs gone mad, and locked up by Perkins. Ha! ha! But I got out. Hush! *She* let me out. *She* thought I was going to see the boys at San Antonio. But I'm going off to see the old bark out there in the fog. I'm going to chuck Perkins overboard, and the two mates. Let me go."

He struggled violently. Hurlstone, fearful of quitting his hold to release the fisherman, whom Captain Bunker no longer noticed, and not daring to increase the captain's fury by openly calling to him, beckoned the pinioned man to make an effort. But, paralyzed by fear, the wretched captive remained immovable, staring at the struggling men. With the strength of desperation, Hurlstone at last forced the captain down upon his knees.

"Listen, captain. We'll go together—you understand? I'll help you. But we must get a larger boat first, you know."

"But they won't give it," said Captain Bunker, mysteriously. "Didn't you hear the Council—the owners—the underwriters—say, 'He lost his ship, he's ruined and disgraced, for rum—all for rum!' And we want rum, you know, and it's all over there in the *Excelsior's* locker."

"Yes, yes," said Hurlstone, soothingly; "but there's more in the bigger boat. Come with me. We'll let the man loose, and we'll make him show us his bigger boat."

It was an unfortunate suggestion; for the captain, who had listened with an insane chuckle, and allowed himself to be taken lightly by the hand, again caught sight of the prostrate fisherman. A yell broke from him; his former frenzy returned. With a cry of "Treachery! all hands on deck!" he threw off Hurlstone and rushed into the water.

"Help!" cried the young man, springing after him. "It is madness. He will kill himself."

The water was shallow; they were both wading. They both reached the boat at the same time, but the captain had scrambled into the stern-sheets and cast loose the painter as Hurlstone once more threw his arms about him.

"Hear me, captain. I'll go with you. Listen! I know the way through the fog. You understand: I'll pilot you!" He was desperate, but no longer from despair of himself, but of another; he was reckless, but only to save a madman from the fate that but a moment before he had chosen for himself.

Captain Bunker seemed to soften. "Get in for'ard," he said, in a lower voice. Hurlstone released his grasp, but still clinging to the boat, which had now drifted into deeper water, made his way to the bow. He was climbing over the thwarts when a horrified cry from the fisherman ashore and a jarring laugh in his ear caused him to look up. But not in time to save himself. The treacherous maniac had suddenly launched a blow from an oar at the unsuspecting man as he was rising to his knees. It missed his head, but fell upon his arm and shoulder, precipitating him violently into the sea.

Stunned by the shock, he sank at first like lead to the bottom. When he rose again, with his returning consciousness, he could see that Captain Bunker had already hoisted sail, and, with the assistance of his oars, was rapidly increasing his distance from the shore. With his returning desperation he turned to strike out after him, but groaned as his one arm sank powerless to his side. A few strokes showed him the madness of the attempt; a few more convinced him that he himself could barely return to the shore. A sudden torpor had taken possession of him—he was sinking!

With this thought, a struggle for life began; and this man who had just now sought death so eagerly—with no feeling of inconsistency, with no physical fear of dissolution, with only a vague, blind, dogged determination to live for some unknown purpose—a determination as vague and dogged as his former ideas of self-destruction—summoned all his energies to reach the shore. He struck out wildly, desperately; once or twice he thought he felt his feet touch the bottom, only to find himself powerlessly dragged back toward the sea. With a final superhuman effort he gained at last a foothold on the muddy strand, and, half scrambling, half crawling, sank exhaustedly beside the fisherman's net. But the fisherman was gone! He attempted again to rise to his feet, but a strange dizziness attacked him. The darkening landscape, with its contracting wall of fog; the gloomy flat; the still, pale sea, as yet unruffled by the faint land-breeze that was slowly wafting the escaping boat into the shadowy offing—all swam round him. Through the roaring in his ears he thought he heard drum-beats, and the fanfare of a trumpet, and voices. The next moment he had lost all consciousness.

When he came to, he was lying in the guard-room of the Presidio. Among the group of people who surrounded him he recognized the gaunt features of the Commander, the sympathetic eyes of Father Esteban, and the fisherman who had disappeared. When he rose on his elbow, and attempted to lift himself feebly, the fisherman, with a cry of gratitude, threw himself on his knees, and kissed his helpless hand.

"He lives! he lives! your Excellencies. Saints be praised, he lives!—the hero, the brave Americano, the noble caballero who delivered me from the madman."

"Who are you? and whence come you?" demanded the Commander of Hurlstone, with grave austerity.

Hurlstone hesitated; the priest leaned forward with a half-anxious, half-warning gesture. There was a sudden rustle in the passage; the crowd gave way as Miss Keene, followed by Mrs. Markham, entered. The young girl's eyes caught those of the prostrate man. With an impulsive cry she ran toward him.

"Mr. Hurlstone!"

"Hurlstone!" echoed the group, pressing nearer the astonished man.

The Comandante lifted his hand gravely with a gesture of silence, and then slowly removed his plumed hat. Every head was instantly uncovered.

"Long live our brave and noble ally, Don Diego! Long live the beautiful Doña Leonor!"

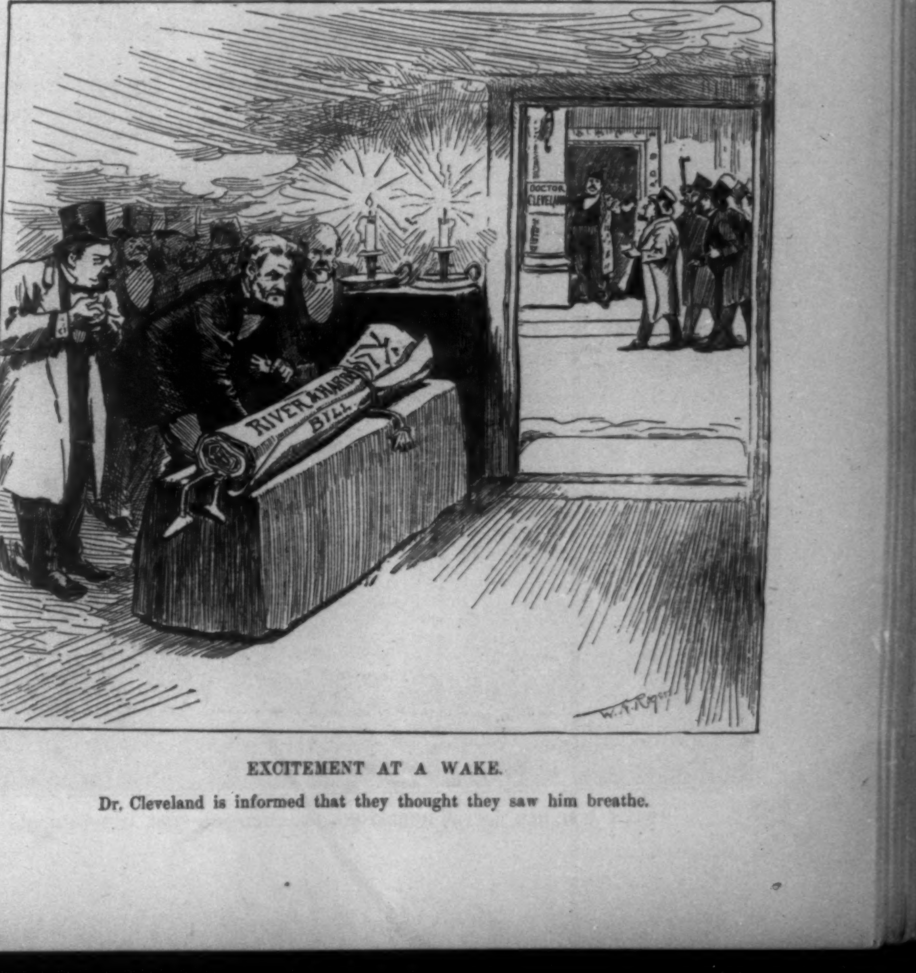
A faint shade of sadness passed over the priest's face. He glanced from Hurlstone to Miss Keene.

"Then you have consented?" he whispered.

Hurlstone cast a rapid glance at Eleanor Keene.

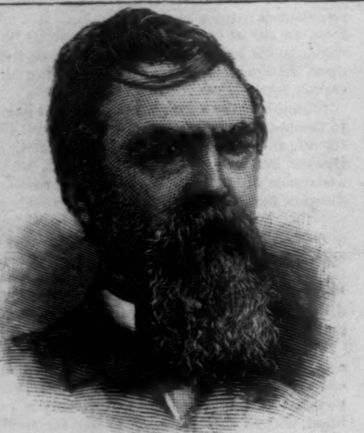
"I consent!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



EXCITEMENT AT A WAKE.

Dr. Cleveland is informed that they thought they saw him breathe.



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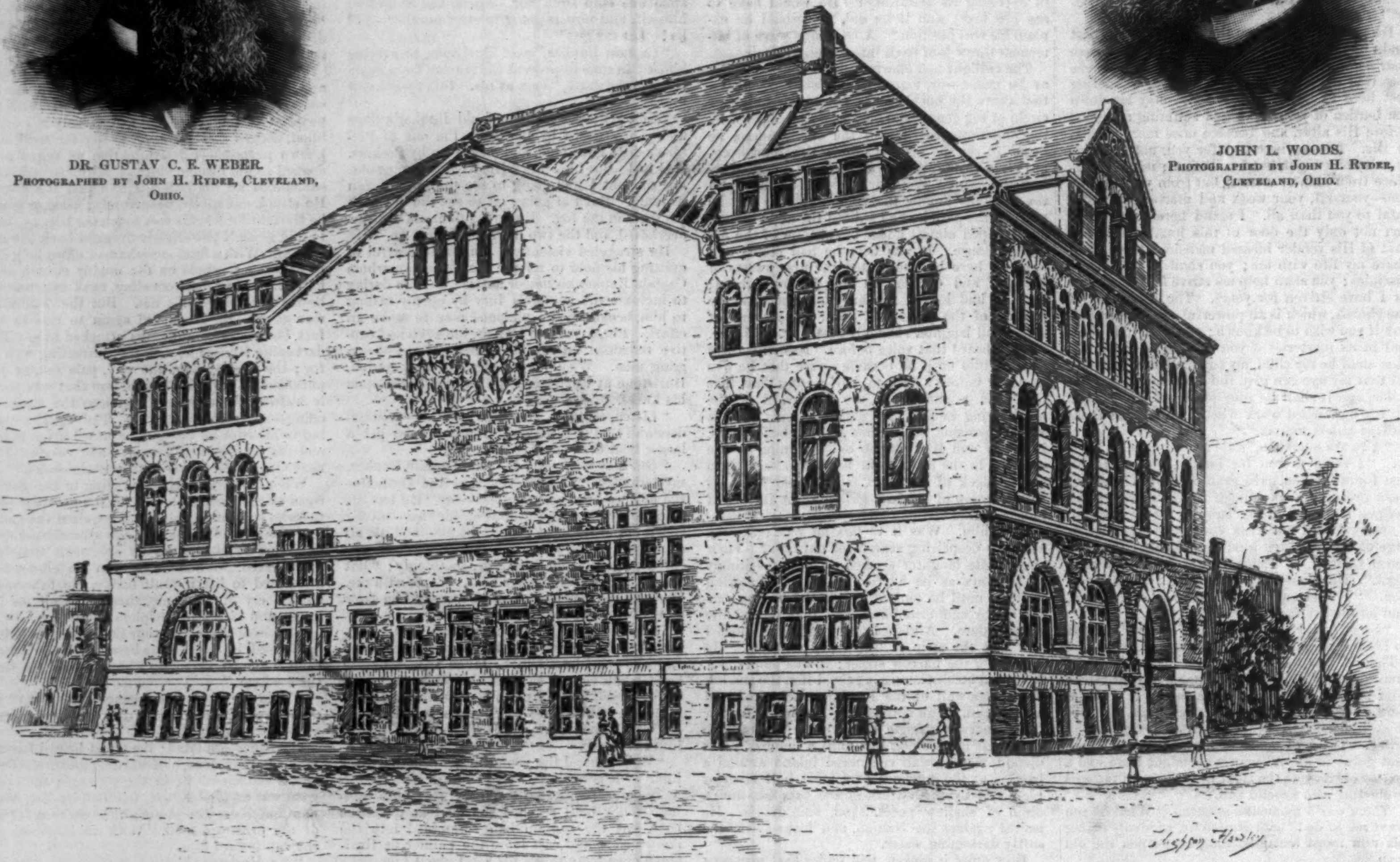
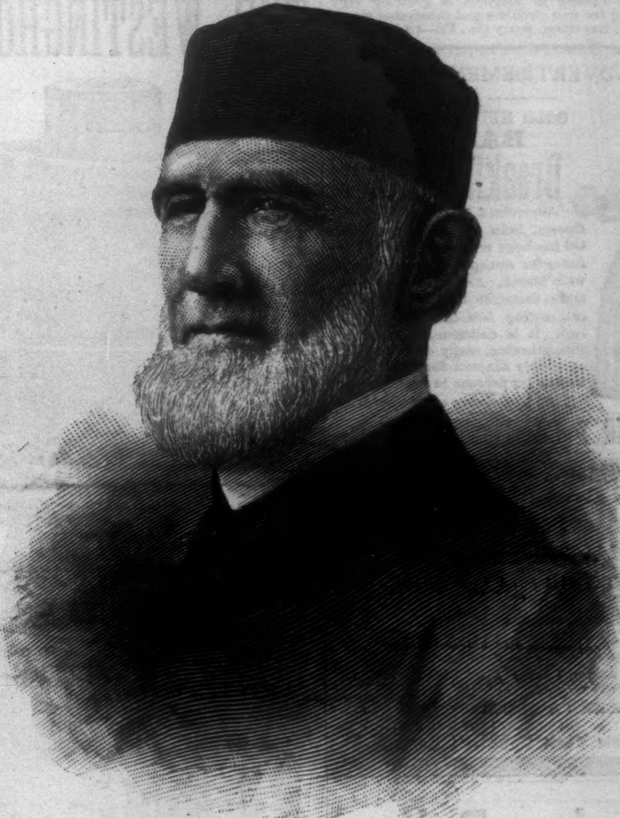


NEW BUILDING OF THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY, AT CLEVELAND, OHIO.—DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY.—[SEE PAGE 206.]

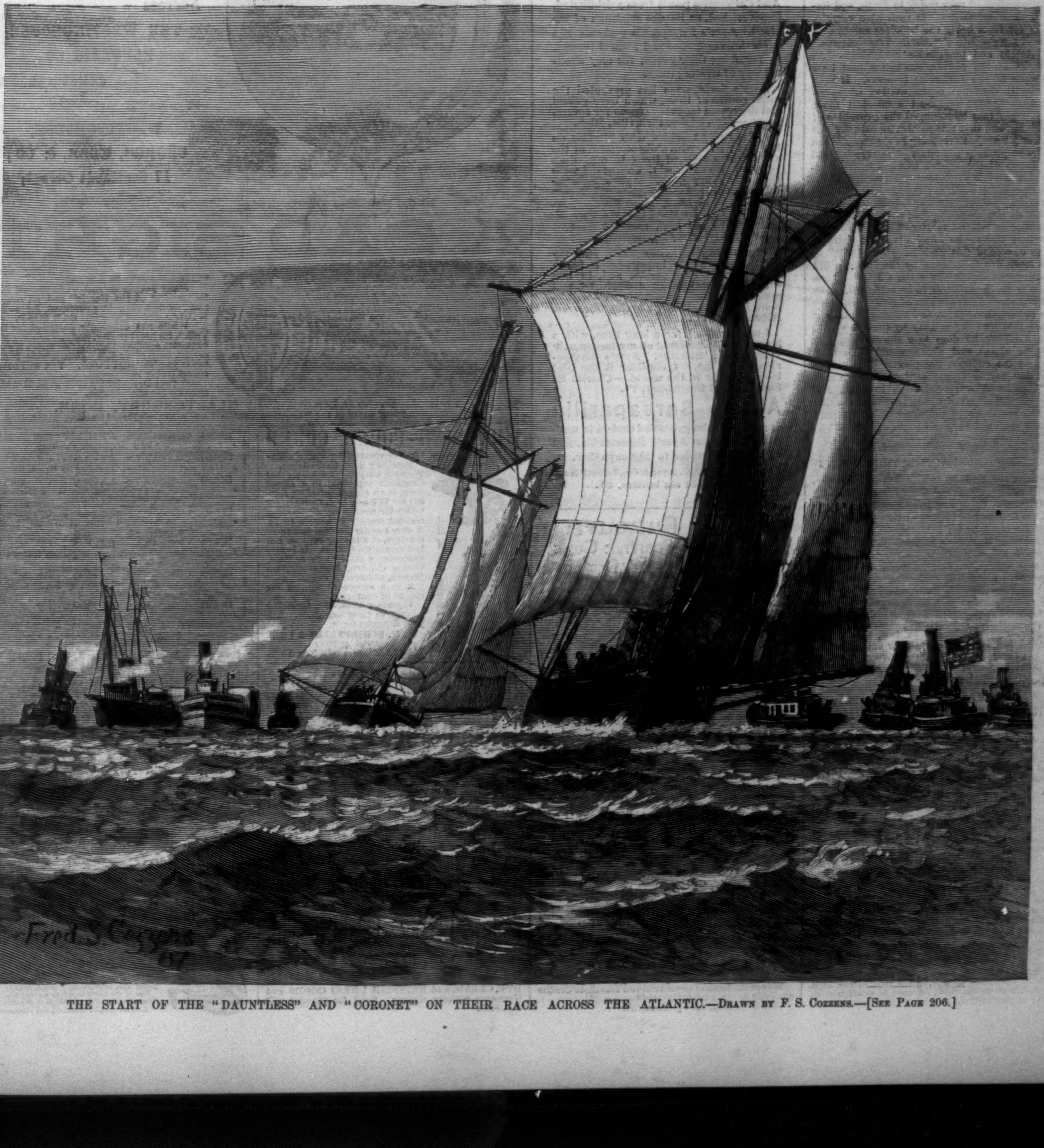
"WITH A SINGLE BOUND, HURLSTONE REACHED HIS SIDE, AND LAID HIS HAND UPON HIS SHOULDER."—[SEE SERIAL "THE CRUSADE OF THE 'EXCELSIOR,'" PAGE 206.]

CAPTAIN SAMUELS, OF THE "DAUNTLESS." [See Page 206.]



JAMES B. EADS.—[See Page 206.]

CAPTAIN CROSBY, OF THE "CORONET." [See Page 206.]



THE START OF THE "DAUNTLESS" AND "CORONET" ON THEIR RACE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.—Drawn by F. S. Cozzens.—[See Page 206.]

"1807."

"I DID not intend," said MEISSONIER in the letter of 1876, announcing the completion and transmittal of his "Friedland, 1807"—"I did not intend to paint a battle. I wanted to paint NAPOLEON at the zenith of his glory. I wanted to paint the love, the admiration of the soldiers for the great captain in whom they had faith, and for whom they were ready to die." And after describing the sombreness of his "1814," to which this is in some sort a companion picture, he goes on: "But to-day, in 'Friedland, 1807,' wishing everything to appear brilliant at this triumphant moment, it seemed to me I was unable to find color sufficiently dazzling. No shade should be upon the imperial face to take from him the epic character I wished to give him. The battle, already begun, was necessary to add to the enthusiasm of the soldiers, and to make the subject stand forth, but not to diminish it by saddening details. All such shadows I avoided, and presented nothing but a dismounted cannon and some growing wheat which would never ripen."

It may be doubted whether Friedland can properly be called the zenith of the Napoleonic cycle. Austerlitz, two years earlier, and Wagram, two years later, were perhaps more famous victories and better names to conjure with. It was, however, natural that a French painter painting after Sedan should look for a historical offset to that humiliation, and in Friedland, if in any battle, such a historical consolation for Frenchmen is to be found. Jena, indeed, fought the year before, was the most decisive victory NAPOLEON obtained over the Prussians, while Friedland was directly a victory only over the Russian allies of Prussia. Nevertheless Friedland was the precursor and cause of the Treaty of Tilsit, by which Prussia was reduced to a lower rank in Europe than she held before or afterward since the great FREDERICK's time.

Whether the exact incident represented by MEISSONIER happened, whether GROUCHY's cuirassiers really passed the Emperor as they were advanced to complete the victory, is not of much moment. No other incident could have shown so vividly what the painter meant to convey—the intoxication of men riding to death, and forgetting their mortal peril in their hero-worship. This is far from being the hopeless submission to fate of the gladiators' "*Morituri te salutamus*," this jubilant and tumultuous enthusiasm. As one looks at the canvas, one can almost hear the shouts of the advancing troopers. It is in this vividly dramatic representation of movement that "1807" has most astonished those who thought they had gauged the capacities of the painter, and that this particular capacity was not among them. Everything in the composition concurs to produce the effect—the massing and distribution of the figures, the accidental dislocations of what is yet evidently an orderly array, the contrast between the frantic idolaters and the impassive object of their idolatry. Technical mastery in the single figures, both of men and animals, is so much a matter of course with the artist that those who know his work scarcely stop to commend this excellence in "1807," so much more are they taken by the splendid life and movement and reality of the whole. In color only is the work liable to be criticised. The artist has carried out his idea of giving brilliancy to his picture throughout, and although it cannot be said that he loses solidity by this, so skilful is his handling, he does lose the brilliancy at which he aimed, and which would have been gained by the contrast the picture lacks. It is a common saying among artists who have seen the "1807" that a reproduction in black and white gives the best of the MEISSONIER. In that case the possessor of this number of HARPER'S WEEKLY need not envy the buyer of "1807."

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CUT THIS OUT

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CLAREMONT Colony in Virginia, is growing very rapidly. Send for free circulars and illustrated maps. J. F. Mancha, Raymond, Surry Co., Va.—[*Adv.*]

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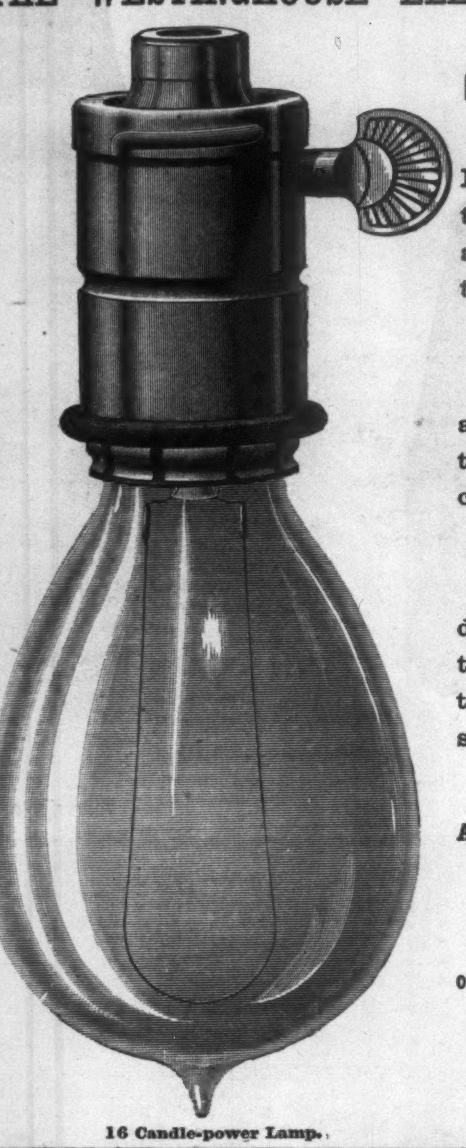

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Manufacturers of Isolated Incandescent Plants, and Contractors for Central Stations.

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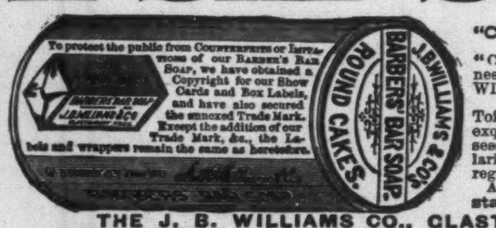

Children or adults suffering with "CHAPPED HANDS."

Many years experience has proved that "Chapping of the Hands" and all roughness of the skin is prevented by using WILLIAMS' BARBERS' BAR SOAP.

While not originally designed for the Toilet, its great purity, and the healing and exquisite emollient properties which it possesses, have given this article a wide popularity as a TOILET SOAP. You will never regret trying it.

Ask your Druggist for it or send 2 cent stamp for trial sample.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., GLASTONBURY, CONN.
Manufacturers for 50 years of the "Genuine Yankee" and other celebrated Shaving Soaps.

WHOOPING-COUGH CURED

Or Prevented by Page's Vaporizer and Cresolene.

We have abundant testimony that Cresolene vaporized in a closed room is an almost infallible remedy for **Whooping-Cough**, for which distressing malady no other assured remedy is known to us. A cure usually effected in five or six days, at a trifling expense and but very little trouble. It is also exceedingly efficient in Asthma, Croup, Catarrh, Diphtheria, Influenza, and Scarlet Fever.

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LEGS & ARMS,
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WITH RUBBER HANDS AND FEET.
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Thousands in Daily Use.
New Patents & Important Improvements.
U. S. Gov't Manufacturer.
Ill. Pamphlet of 160 Pages SENT FREE.
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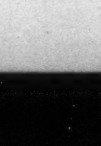
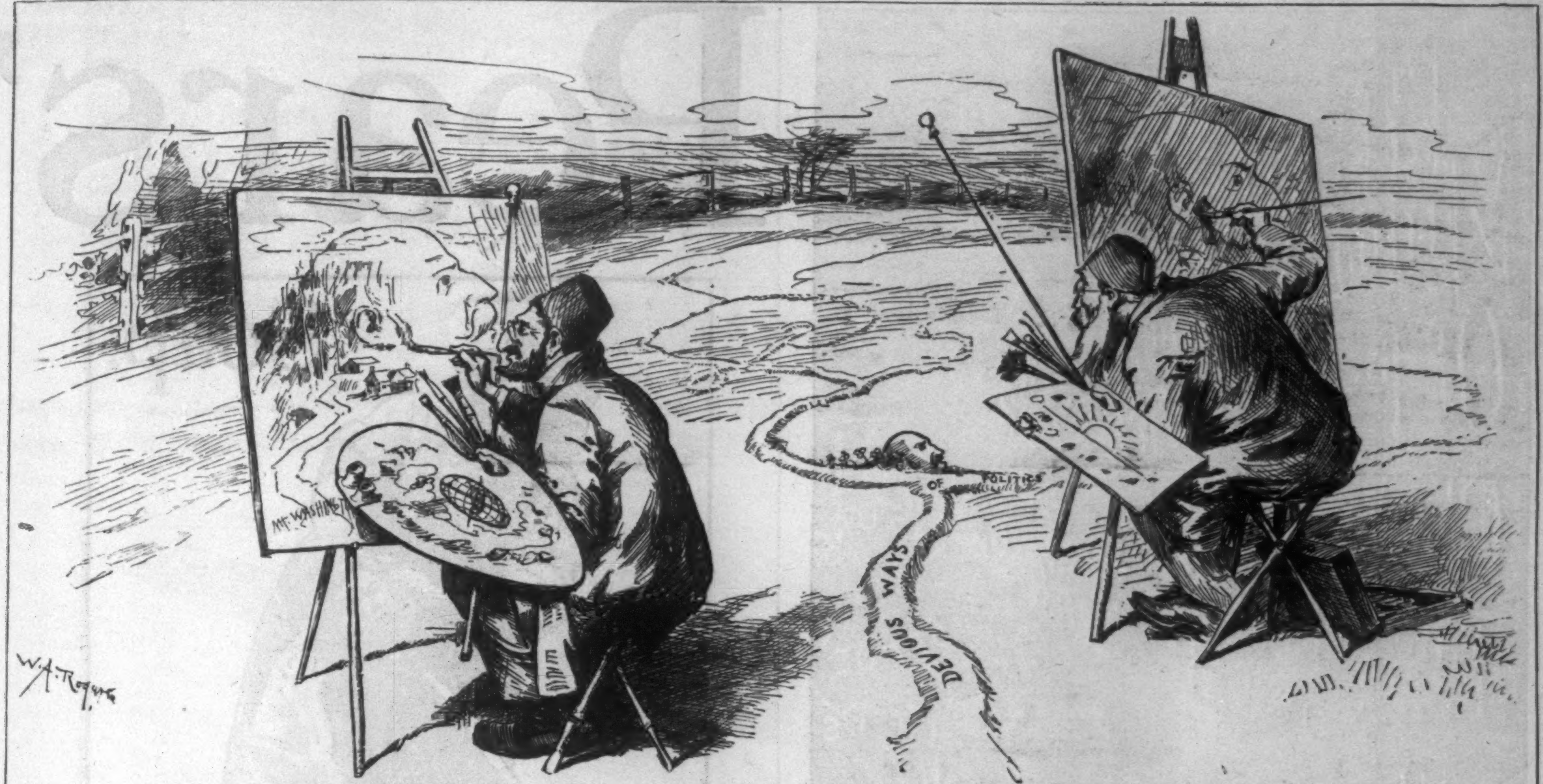
OPIUM HABIT Cured without suffering. No pay till cured. O. S. SARGENT, M.D., 22 Claremont Park, Boston.

"HOME EXERCISER" *for Brain-Workers and Sedentary People.* Gentlemen, Ladies, and Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 inches square floor-room; something new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Send for circular. "HOME SCHOOLS FOR PHYSICAL CULTURE," 16 East 14th St. and 713 5th Ave., N. Y. City. Prof. D. L. DOWD. Wm. Blaikie, author of "How to Get Strong," says of it: "I never saw any other I liked half as well."



PROF. D. L. DOWD'S SCHOOLS OF SCIENTIFIC PHYSICAL CULTURE FOR GENTLEMEN, LADIES, AND CHILDREN, 16 East 14th St. and 713 5th Ave., N.Y. Special attention is given to weaknesses and curvatures; also, to producing a sound, healthy body. One of the many to whom we can refer is Mr. Wm. Blaikie, author of "How to Get Strong." Send for circular of schools and references.



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Making a Mountain out of a Mole-hill.

A COMMON-SENSE REMEDY.

In the matter of curatives what you want is something that will do its work while you continue to do yours—a remedy that will give you no inconvenience nor interfere with your business. Such a remedy is ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. These Plasters are purely vegetable and absolutely harmless. They require no change of diet, and are not affected by wet or cold. Their action does not interfere with labor or business; you can toil and yet be cured while hard at work. They are so pure that the youngest, the oldest, the most delicate person of either sex can use them with great benefit.

SEELEY'S HARD RUBBER TRUSSES

Will retain the most difficult forms of Hernia or Rupture with comfort and safety, thereby completing **a radical CURE** of all curable cases. Impervious to moisture, may be used in bathing; and fitting perfectly to form of body, are worn without inconvenience by the youngest child, most delicate lady, or the laboring man, **avoiding all sour, sweaty, padded unpleasantness,** being **LIGHT, COOL, CLEANLY,** and always **reliable.** *Endorsed by leading Surgeons, Physicians, Medical Colleges, and Hospitals everywhere.*

Made in every desirable pattern, with **pads anatomically constructed,** to suit all cases.

CAUTION.—Beware of imitations that look like "SEELEY'S," made only to sell on the reputation acquired by our goods during the past **25 years.** All genuine are plainly stamped

"I. B. SEELEY & CO., WARRANTED."

1347 Chestnut St. } **ESTABLISHMENTS** { Philadelphia

☞ The Correct and Skillful Mechanical Treatment of

HERNIA OR RUPTURE A SPECIALTY

Consisting in the correct adaptation of a suitable truss to each individual case, and instructions for its proper use, with necessary changes and alterations.

20 YEARS' REFERENCES:—*Profs. S. D. Gross, D. Hayes Agnew, Willard Parker, W. H. Pancoast, Dr. Thomas G. Morton, and all distinguished Surgeons or Physicians.*

Our **"MECHANICAL TREATMENT OF HERNIA and ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE"—Contents:**—Hernia or Rupture delineated; its different descriptions—cause, treatment and cure. Also Corpulency, Abdominal Weaknesses and Vericocele. Book of 88 pp. and 180 illustrations. Mailed on receipt of **25 Cents.**

I. B. SEELEY & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

SEE ILLUSTRATION IN ISSUE OF MARCH 5th OF THIS PAPER OF

The Old London Street.

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INDEPENDENT LABOR, $5 to $10 a Day

And subject to no man's shop-bell. Full particulars *free.* S. M. SPENCER, 112 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

A MEDICINE, NOT A DRINK.

High Authority.

Hop Bitters is not, in any sense, an alcoholic beverage or liquor, and could not be sold, for use, except to persons desirous of obtaining medicinal bitters.

GREEN B. RAUM,
U. S. Com'r Internal Rev.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 24, 1884.

Dear Sir,—Why don't you get a certificate from Col. W. H. W., of Baltimore, showing how he cured himself of drunkenness by the help of Hop Bitters? His is a wonderful case. He is well known in Rochester, N.Y., by all the drinking people there. He is known in this city, Cincinnati, New Orleans, New York—in fact all over the country—as he has spent thousands of dollars for rum. I honestly believe his card would be worth thousands of dollars to you in this city and Baltimore alone, and make thousands of sober men by inducing the use of your bitters.

J. A. W.

Prejudice Kills.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery under the care of several of the best physicians, who gave her disease various names but no relief, and now she is restored to us in good health by Hop Bitters, that we had poohed at two years before using it. We earnestly hope and pray that no one else will let their sick suffer as we did, on account of prejudice against so good a medicine as Hop Bitters."—*The Parents —Good Templars.*

Milton, Del., Feb. 10, 1886.

Having used Hop Bitters, the noted remedy for debility, nervousness, indigestion, etc., I have no hesitation in saying that it is indeed an excellent medicine and recommend it to any one as a truly tonic bitters. Respectfully, REV. MRS. J. H. ELLGOOD.

Scipio, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1884.

I am the pastor of the Baptist church here and an educated physician. I am not in practice, but am my sole family physician, and advise in chronic cases. Over a year ago I recommended your Hop Bitters to my invalid wife, who has been under medical treatment of Albany's best physicians several years. She has been greatly benefited, and still uses the medicine. I believe she will become thoroughly cured of her various complicated diseases by their use. We both recommend them to our friends, many of whom have also been cured of their various ailments by them.

REV. E. R. WARREN.

Cured of Drinking.

"A young friend of mine was cured of an insatiable thirst for liquor that had so prostrated his system that he was unable to do any business. He was entirely cured by the use of Hop Bitters. It allayed all that burning thirst; took away the appetite for liquor; made his nerves steady; and he has remained a steady and sober man for more than two years, and has no desire to return to his cups, and I know of a number of others that have been cured of drinking by it."—From a leading R. R. Official, Chicago, Ill.

REGISTERED **"SANITAS"** TRADEMARK

Nature's Disinfectant.

THE PINE FOREST at HOME.

Should be in Every Household.

100,000 LIVES

ANNUALLY LOST IN THE UNITED STATES,

from Scarlet Fever, Small Pox, Malaria, Dysentery, Enteric Fever, Measles, Diphtheria, Whooping Cough and Diarrhœa, can be saved by the regular use in every household of

"SANITAS," THE BEST DISINFECTANT,

which is colorless, non-poisonous, does not stain linen and is fragrant.

"Actuated by the same impulse which makes us turn our faces towards a fresh breeze" we "grasp a bottle of 'Sanitas' in a sick room."—ANNIE THOMAS in "Eyre of Blendon."

"SANITAS" FLUID, OIL, POWDER, SOAPS, &c.

40 Cents each Preparation.

To be had of all Druggists, and of the

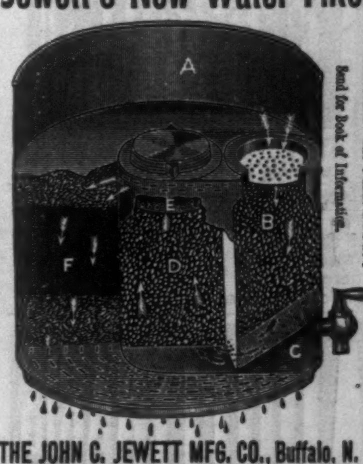
American & Continental "Sanitas" Co.,

(Limited.)

636-642 West 55th Street, N. Y.

Jewett's New Water Filter.

A GREAT INVENTION! Send for Book of Information.



THE JOHN C. JEWETT MFG. CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

The Best Cure for Coughs, Weak Lungs, Asthma, Indigestion, Inward Pains, Exhaustion. Combining the most valuable medicines with Jamacia Ginger, it exerts a curative power over disease unknown to other remedies. Weak Lungs, Rheumatism, Female Complaints, and the distressing ills of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels are dragging thousands to the grave who would recover their health by the timely use of PARKER'S GINGER TONIC. It is new life and strength to the aged. 50c. at Druggists HISCOX & Co., 163 William Street, N. Y.

DYSPEPSIA Its Nature, Causes, Prevention and Cure, being the experience of an actual sufferer, by JOHN H. MCALVIN, Lowell, Mass., 14 years Tax Collector. Sent free to any address.

Arnold Constable & Co

SPRING STYLES 1887.

GENTLEMEN'S OVERCOATINGS

English, Scotch, and Irish Suitings,

Ladies' Habit Cloths,

New and Desirable Shades.

Ladies' Ulster and Costume Cloths.

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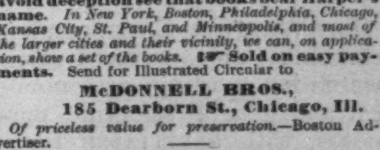

The plates of Harper's Weekly during the War having been destroyed,

HARPER'S

Pictorial History of the Rebellion

Is the only means of obtaining its invaluable historical illustrations. In two splendid folio voinmes, same size page as the Weekly, and containing 1000 of its famous War pictures. Price for set, carriage paid, in bevelled cloth, $16; in Half Turkey Morocco, handsome gilt stamp on side and marbled edges, $22; in Full Turkey Morocco, gilt edges, elegant, $35. **To avoid deception see that books bear Harper's name.** *In New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Paul, and Minneapolis, and most of the larger cities and their vicinity, we can, on application, show a set of the books.* ☞ **Sold on easy payments.** Send for Illustrated Circular to

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ROSES

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DEAFNESS Its causes, and a new and successful CURE at your own home, by one who was deaf twenty-eight years. Treated by most of the noted specialists without benefit. *Cured himself* in three months, and since then hundreds of others. Full particulars sent on application.

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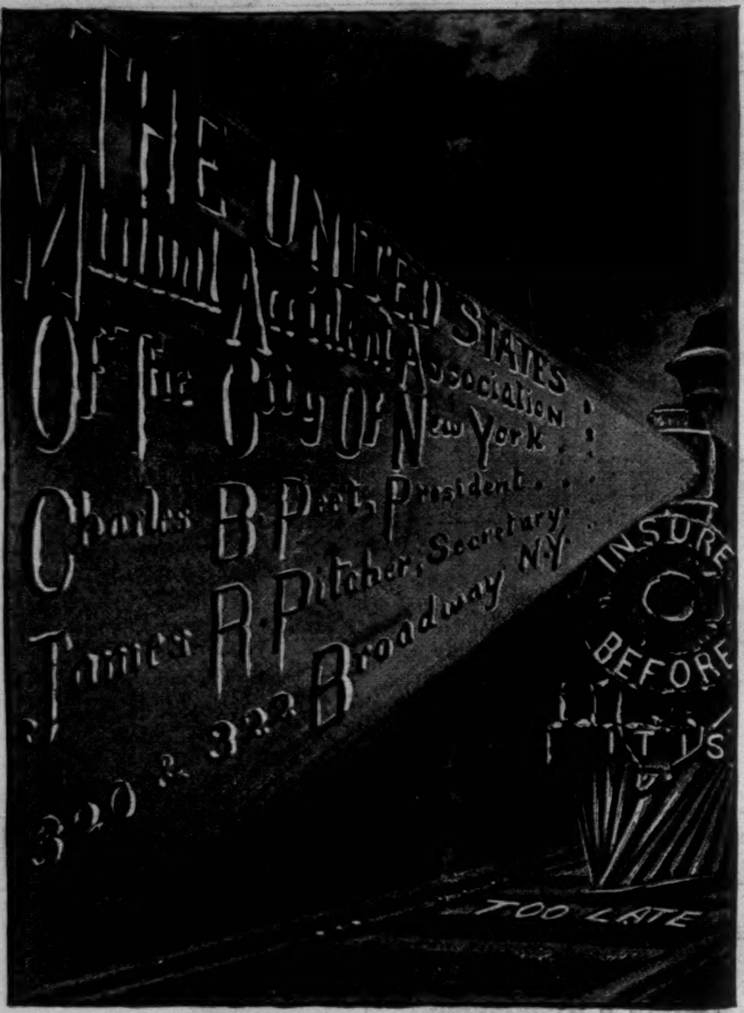

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$10,000 Death by Accident.
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$2,500 Permanent Total Disability.
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These amounts of Indemnity are provided by the Policies of the United States Mutual Accident Association, 320 and 322 Broadway, N. Y., at a cost to members in the preferred occupations of about $26 a year, which may be made in one payment or in instalments. One half or one quarter of above insurance at proportionate rates.

Membership Fee, $5.

CHARLES B. PEET, President. JAMES R. PITCHER, Sec. and Gen. Manager.

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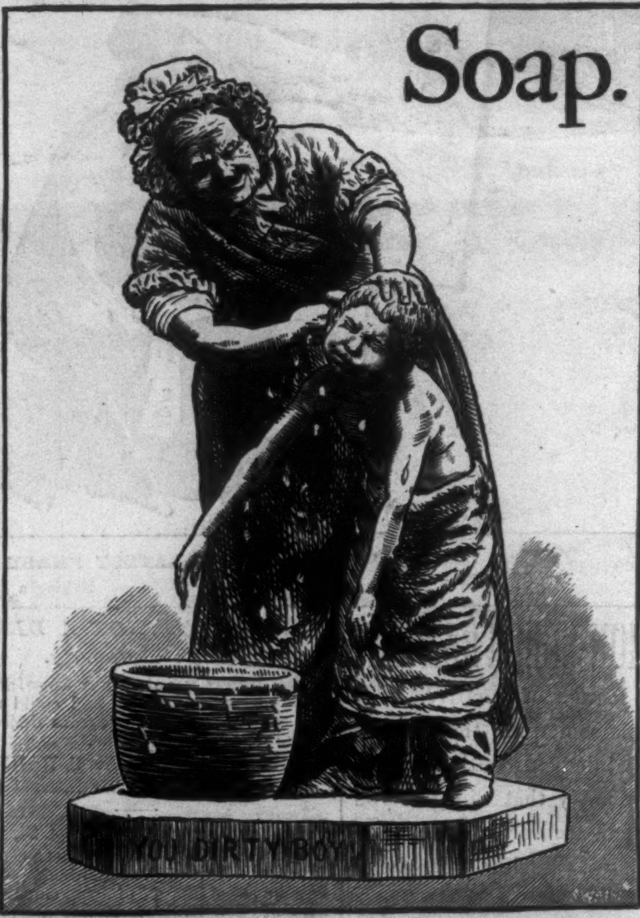

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PEARS' SOAP—the Great English Complexion Soap—is sold throughout the United States and in all other parts of the world, and its praises are heard and echoed everywhere.

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With or Without Split Seconds, and Minute Register.

MANUFACTURED AND GUARANTEED BY THE

American Waltham Watch Co.,

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THE WALTHAM CHRONOGRAPH combines an ACCURATE stop-watch for sporting, astronomical and general scientific purposes, with a RELIABLE time-keeper for ordinary use.

The mechanism to start, stop and fly back is of the most simple and durable construction and is independent of the other parts of the movement.

The Waltham Watch Factory is the oldest in America, the most extensive and best equipped in the world, and produces the finest and best watches made.

FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST CLASS JEWELERS.

PROF. DOREMUS ON TOILET SOAPS:

"You have demonstrated that a *perfectly* pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article."

Is made from the choicest quality of stock, and contains a LARGE PERCENTAGE of GLYCERINE; therefore it is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath and Infants.

APOLLINARIS
THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

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MUSIC BOXES
ARE THE BEST.

They play selections from all the Standard and Light Operas and the most Popular Music of the Day.

Send stamp for Descriptive Price-list to

M. J. PAILLARD & CO.,
680 Broadway, New York City.

(FACTORY AT STE. CROIX, SWITZERLAND).

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

This old fisher read to find
Marks of fish of certain kind;
For he always wished to be
Bright enough, at least, to see
If the fish his angle caught
Was the very fish he sought.

MORAL—*People who fish the streams of commerce for* SHAWKNIT *should read the advertisements, and be prepared to look for the Shawknit trade-mark on the toe.*

PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFITS *for Amateurs, Opera Glasses, Microscopes, Telescopes, Spectacles, Barometers, Thermometers.* W. H. WALMSLEY & CO. successors to R. & J. Beck, Philada. Pa. Ill. price list free to any address

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Mother's Great Medicine for Children.
Physicians recommend Castoria.
Mothers rely upon Castoria.
Children cry for Castoria.

CURE FOR THE DEAF
PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS Perfectly Restore the Hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, FREE. Address F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y.

Print Your Own Cards.
PRESS, $3; Circular Size, $8; Press for small newspaper, $44. Type-setting easy, printed instructions. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue, Press, Type, Cards, to factory. KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878.

E. & W. TRADE MARK
EARL & WILSON'S
LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS
BEST IN THE WORLD

THIS INK IS MANUF'D BY
J. H. Bonnell & Co. (Limited), N. Y.

THE NEW SOUTH.

SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY, MARCH 26, 1887.

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA—SCENE IN A REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE.—DRAWN BY JOHN DURKIN.

THE INDUSTRIAL SOUTH.*

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA.

IN northern Alabama, crossing the State transversely from north-east to southwest, are found the same inexhaustible coal-fields and beds of iron ore that have followed the Appalachian trend from central Pennsylvania to this point. With the gradual subsidence of the mountains into broad plateaus and shallow valleys, these mineral deposits have become more and more accessible and easily worked, until here, just before their disappearance amid the alluvial lands of the Mississippi Valley, they lie almost upon the surface, and in a position to be utilized at the minimum of labor and expense. Here, as in Tennessee, and perhaps even to a greater extent than in that State, Nature has been more than prodigal in her gifts. Coal of all degrees of excellence, and suited to all purposes, from coking to heating an oven, is found in closest proximity to iron ores of superior quality and in fabulous abundance. The State Geologist of Alabama reports the coal-fields of that State to be of such an extent and their product to be of such excellent quality as to entitle it to take the front rank among coal-producing areas of the world. He estimates them to contain 113,119,000,000 tons of material, of which 108,394,000,000 tons are available coal, worth at the mines $150,000,000,000, of which, could it be all mined, $30,000,000,000 would be profit. This is about two hundred times the total assessed value of the State of Alabama, and would be sufficient to buy every foot of her wide-spread territory at $900 per acre. The Alabama coal measures are divided into three fields, the Warrior, which is the most westerly, the Cahaba, and the Coosa. The valleys separating them contain iron ores and limestone, and the whole region that they underlie is covered with virgin forests of oak, yellow pine, chestnut, and other valuable timbers.

In the centre of this enormous mineral wealth, and exactly midway between the east and west boundaries of the State, stands Birmingham, the "magic city." It is the direct offspring of iron and coal, the heart from which new life is coursing through every business artery of Alabama, one of the chief glories of the New South, and a source of admiring wonder to the whole country. Birmingham was conceived in 1854, at a convention of business men, capitalists, and land-owners held at Elyton, the capital of Jefferson County, and two miles west of the present centre of the young metropolis. At this convention the existence of coal and iron on all sides of them was so impressed upon the members that it was then and there decided to open a way for the development of this wealth by building a railroad through it. Work was almost immediately begun on the road, which was called the Northeast and Southwest, since changed to the Alabama Great Southern, and it was nearly graded when the outbreak of the civil war put an end to its construction. After the war, work was resumed, and a North and South Road, which is now the trunk line of the great Louisville and Nashville system, was also projected. It was evident that the crossing of these two roads would mark the site of the city that was destined to arise somewhere in this region, and its location was awaited with impatient anxiety by the dwellers thereabouts. After many delays and proposed changes the location was finally fixed by the transfer of 4150 acres of land in Jones Valley, midway between the Warrior coal-fields and the Red Mountain ore beds, to the several gentlemen most influential in deciding the matter. Here they made the crossing, and organizing under the name of "Elyton Land Company," proceeded to lay off the streets, squares, avenues, and parks of a city, which was incorporated in December, 1871. It was called "Birmingham," and the first lot of land sold within its limits, one of 50 by 100 feet, brought $100. This lot is still held by its original purchaser, who now values it at $50,000.

Speculators and settlers flocked to the place in such numbers that in February, 1872, it contained 54 brick and 125 frame stores and 250 dwellings. Everybody was flushed with the hope of acquiring speedy wealth, and with this their attention was so fully occupied that they neglected the most vital interests of the young city, and made no provision for its sanitary requirements. It had neither a water supply nor a drainage system, and as a result was visited in 1873 by a terrible epidemic of cholera. The financial panic of that year swept over the country at the same time, and the combination of disasters seemed likely to prove fatal to the young community. It pined and ceased to grow. Until 1878 its life was stagnant; but in that year a few ripples of the great tide of prosperity that was soon to flow into it were noticed, and new hopes for its future began to animate the breasts of those who had shared its waning fortunes. On November 23, 1880, "Alice" furnace, the first erected within the city limits, went into blast, and produced an excellent quality of pig-iron from ore, coke, and limestone procured from its immediate vicinity. The cost of this production was comparatively so small as to be surprising, and from that date Birmingham's future as a great iron producing and manufacturing centre was assured. The inhabitants of the city suddenly awoke to the fact that its fortunes were advancing upon the crest of a tidal wave of prosperity, and they hastened to take advantage of this happy condition of affairs. Furnace after furnace was erected, new mines were opened on every side, founderies, machine-shops, and various iron manufactories sprang into a sudden existence, and railroads were built toward the city so rapidly from all directions that to-day six trunk lines, possessing innumerable branches, are in operation and speeding their trains into its handsome new Union Depot.

The most remarkable features of the place have been, and are still, the rapid appreciation in value of city and suburban real estate, and the hourly increase in magnitude and volume of the transactions in this line of business. Sales take place daily in the office of the Elyton Land Company, which continues to exercise a

[*Continued on page 223.*]

* The previous articles and illustrations of this series were published as follows: Lynchburg, Virginia, in No. 1563; Richmond, Virginia, in No. 1569; Danville, Virginia, in No. 1571; Atlanta, Georgia, in No. 1573; and Augusta, Georgia, in No. 1575, of the WEEKLY. Copies of these issues will be sent on receipt of a remittance covering the cost of the number required.

THE GREAT INDUSTRY OF BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA.—

A PIG-IRON FURNACE.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.